The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The December Bookman, our Christmas Number, will contain all the usual features, including four Illustrated Supplements, presentation plates in colour and black-and-white, and a series of photogravure portraits, in addition to many in half-tone, illustrating a special article on "Poets in Khaki: Some Soldier-Poets of Great Britain, Australasia, Canada, South Africa and America." As, owing to war conditions, the edition will be limited and the Number cannot be reprinted, orders should be placed without delay.

Our portrait of Sir James Frazer is from a crayon drawing, by Lucien Monod, now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, and we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Sydney C. Cockerell, the Director of the Museum, for the photograph from which our reproductions are made.

After being held over for four years on account of the war, a new edition of Mr. Max Beerbohm's delightful play, "The Happy Hypocrite," with illustrations and decorations in colour by Mr. George Sheringham, will be published immediately by Mr. John Lane.

All lovers of R. L. S. will be glad to hear that a new collection of poems by Stevenson has been made from manuscripts originally in the possession of his stepdaughter, and that Messrs. Chatto & Windus are publishing it this autumn, with a prefatory note by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne.

In "The Naval Side," which Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward are to publish this month, Mr. Edward Noble describes what has been done by the Navy and the Mercantile Marine during the war. The book is illustrated with photographs, and with decorations by Frank Brangwyn, R.A.

A correspondent sends us the following interesting note from Dublin:

The war seems to have had no great effect on the sale of books in Ireland. The late W. T. Stead once said that he would sell more books in a week in any go-ahead English provincial town than in a year in the whole of Ireland. It is still, as it always has been, a sporting rather than a reading country; and the librarians of circulating libraries in fair-sized towns in the provinces have not two hours of real employment throughout the day. In the interests of one of the War Committees I

XUM

have recently traversed the greater part of Ireland; visiting Belfast in the north-east, Waterford and Cork in the south, Limerick and Galway in the west. To buy a guide, or merely to put a question as to business in war time, I looked into a good many bookshops. In Belfast they were selling fiction and a little poetry. Waterford and Cork (these charming old cities of the south are said to be rather jealous of one another) admitted a slight and varying call for books or pamphlets on Sinn Fein. Limerick seemed indifferent on all literary topics. In Galway, the war, conscription, politics in general, and literature in particular had suffered temporary eclipse in the burning question of what would win the Galway Plate.

The well-known French newspaper *Le Figaro* is running as a serial one of Clive Holland's Japanese romances under the title of "Mio-San: Un Roman Japonais." The translation has been skilfully made by Mme. Nadine de Cyon, a lady well known in Parisian literary and society circles.

Photo by Arbus & Bernardi.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell,
whose new novel, "The Mirror and the Lamp" (Hutchinson) is reviewed in this Number.

One of the most charming of Christmas booklets is the "From Friend to Friend Kalendar" (Simpkin, Marshall) which Mr. Joseph Shaylor has compiled and edited yearly for some years past. The 1919 "Kalendar," with its diary spaces for the months, and for each month a poem touching on some aspect of friendship, and a very handy list of postal regulations at the end, is a gift-book as pleasing as it is useful.

"The Growth of Religion," by Joseph McCabe, tracing from its beginnings the development of the religious impulse, is to be published by Messrs. Watts & Co.

Messrs. Constable have published new and cheap editions (3s. 6d. net each) of Emile Faguet's masterly studies, "Balzac" and "Flaubert," the former translated with notes by Winifred Thorley, the latter translated by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire.

"The Poodle Faker, and Other Sketches" is a collection of prose pieces and occasional verses which have appeared over the signature of "Latrator" in the columns of the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, and is published in a neat paper-covered booklet by that journal's press at a rupee and a half. Kipling collectors well know the format of these modest volumes, because his earliest productions appeared in this guise, and nowadays sell at fabulous sums whenever they turn up in the sale-rooms. But it does not need any virtuoso in bibliopoly to recognise something of the old Kipling flavour in these character-skits and rhyming satires. There is point as well as humour in "Station Types" like "The Secretary Bird" and "the Grouser," and a genuine turn for recounting social episodes and absurdities in "The Picnic" and "Red Crossing." "Sapphira" is an unnecessarily pungent name for the imaginary lady who figures as a confidante in many of them, but the other nicknames are more merciful than this, and whether he turns off prose or verse, the author always contrives to be amusing and fresh in his point of view.

"Father Noah, and Other Fancies," by Geoffrey Whitworth, which we reviewed last month, is published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, and not by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, to whom our reviewer inadvertently ascribed it.

On the fourth anniversary of the destruction of the Library of Louvain a meeting was held at Havre with a view to taking steps towards its partial restoration. Many eminent literary men were present, and official representatives from Great Britain, France, America, Spain and Switzerland. It was decided to form an international committee

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Lieutenant J. C. Squire,**
whose collected poems Mr. Martin Secker is publishing.

which should endeavour to collect books and manuscripts, in allied and friendly countries, to be presented to the University of Louvain as soon as Belgium shall again be free. After trying by the most palpably ridiculous reasoning to shift the blame for the destruction of Louvain on to the Belgians themselves, the German professors have sought to minimise the crime committed by their military leaders by saying that, after all, "the library was not so very important." This of a library that contained 950 manuscripts, some very precious, such as the best manuscripts of Cornelius Nepos, an autograph manuscript of Thomas à Kempis, and many manuscripts dating from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; a valuable collection of sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century books, engravings, miniatures, and a superb collection of sixteenth century bindings; part of the archives of the old university and all those of the new; a gallery of portraits and busts of the rectors, chancellors and professors of the Alma Mater since its foundation in 1426, and much else of the highest literary and antiquarian interest. The best examples of Jean de Westphalie's press were included among the 250,000 volumes which the Germans sent up in flames. Three hundred thousand volumes of modern literature were also destroyed in the burning of the commercial and consular school, with a unique series of Chinese porcelain and several technical collections, the fruit of much labour and study. The library itself is irremediably damaged. There were treasures in the old library that are irreplaceable, but it is hoped that the committee will succeed in bringing together the nucleus of a new collection that shall go towards enriching the university when it is Belgian once more and has been restored or rebuilt.

Mr. Elkin Mathews will publish shortly "The Lamp of Destiny, and Other Poems," by Sir Ernest Wild, the eminent K.C. Sir Ernest, who describes his verses as "indiscretions of the Long Vacation," has always had strong literary interests, and has written much verse, but has not until now gathered any of it into a book. He was the founder of the Halliwell-Phillips Shakespeare Society, and joint-founder of the Coleridge Literary Society at Jesus College, Cambridge. Sir Ernest has made a close study of Spenser; a long poem in his forthcoming volume is written in the Spenserian stanza; and some while back he published his lectures on the "Faërie Queen."

WAR BOOKS.

"War Lyrics." By Morley Roberts. 2s. net. (Selwyn & Blount). A sturdy patriotism, a glowing love of the Homeland, of our overseas kinsmen and

W. Curran Reedy,
whose new book of Sea Poems, "Under the White Ensign," Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing.

our great ally, France, and a deep sympathy with outraged Belgium—these are the themes of some of the best of Mr. Morley Roberts's war lyrics, and he handles them with no little poetic feeling and imaginative power. He has faith still in Russia, following her dim star, "passioning to be free," through all the long years of her dark history:

"But she is young.
There is youth's wonder in her troubled eyes:
She dreams yet wakes, and even now her tongue
May, if we listen, utter prophecies."

There is, in his vivid little sketch of London in war time, an exultant sense of the new spirit that has uplifted most of us:

"London's fine,
Its meanest alleys shine
With something that's more bright
Than simple light. . . ."

And no one has written a nobler, more impressive tribute to America than he has put into the sonnet that closes:

"Kinsmen! I see, in these dark pregnant hours
Of shadow when the heavens are overcast
With smoke of ruined fanes and ancient towers,
While throttled peoples yield and nations die,
The morning star of vengeance shine at last,
And hear your armies thunder prophecy."

Sir Ernest Wild, K.C.,
whose new book, "The Lamp of Destiny, and Other Poems," will be published shortly by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

"The Secret Hand." By Douglas Valentine. 6s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.) Mr. Valentine's first novel, "The Man with the Club Foot," was one of the cleverest of the many stories of the German secret service that the war has occasioned. For ingenuity and headlong excitement "The Secret Hand" does not equal it, nor does it wear so cunning and convincing an air of probability. It is, nevertheless, a thoroughly readable yarn, with plenty of startling situations and a plot that may be sometimes far fetched, but is alive and interesting from beginning to end.

"Forlorn Adventurers." By Arthur Lewis Jenkins. 1s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.) There are lyrics in Lieutenant Jenkins's book that will give him place with Rupert Brooke and Grenfell, with Vernède and Leslie Coulson, among the first five or six poets of the war. His "Forlorn Adventurers" are the wayfaring men who are always roaming in quest of the ideal happiness that is always eluding them:

"The sweetest love of the loves of earth,
Treasure thrice tried by fire,
Power beyond the dreams of kings—
These have we got of our venturings,
But never our heart's desire. . . ."

He joined the Army on the outbreak of war, and in October, 1914, was gazetted to the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. He saw service in India, at Aden, in charge of a machine-gun section, and then in Palestine. In 1917 his section was disbanded, and he transferred to the R.F.C.; trained and obtained his wings in Egypt, returned to England, and was serving on home defence when he was killed in an aeroplane accident on the last night of last year. His verse has spontaneity, and fancy, and feeling: it ranges in expression from the poignancy of "Bondage" or "And Some there be that have left no Memorial" to the breezy, joyous "Song of the Road"; from the tenderness and fantasy of "The Fairy Roads" to the vivid pictures of the magic of the desert, and the fighting on its arid wastes in "Arabia," and the gallant, martial ardour of "Crusaders," written in Palestine:

". . . The clamorous guns by day and night
Toss echoes to and fro,
White-winged above the dusty fight
The ranging war-hawks go,
And stout King Richard's proud array
Is but a shining tale—
But English courage goes as gay
In khaki as in mail."

The headmaster of Charterhouse speaks in his Introductory Note of Arthur Jenkins's "brave, sanguine, lovable temperament," of his keen eagerness of spirit, his generous instincts, his air of "glad

Mr. W. Riley,
whose new novel, "Olive of Sylcote," has just been published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

confident morning," and these, too, are the distinguishing qualities of his verses.

"The Love of an Unknown Soldier." 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane). Mr. John Lane has made another discovery, following at a long interval on the finding of the famous "MS. in the Red Box"—this time it is of a bundle of unposted love letters written by an unknown soldier, and discovered in France in one of the dug-outs of an abandoned gun position. Having no indication of the writer's name or unit, and the name of the girl to whom the letters are addressed being never once recorded, Mr. John Lane has published the documents, hoping they may be read by the one who unconsciously inspired them. "On reading the tattered MS.," he says, "I was from the first impressed with its literary value; but as I read on I became more and more deeply absorbed in its poignant human importance, especially in its importance to some particular American girl, who, all unknowingly, had quickened the last days of this unknown soldier's life with romance. I felt that she must be discovered, and that the only chance of doing so was by publishing the documents. . . . Meanwhile I ask her pardon for this necessary means of making known to the world the romance that she kindled in the heart of her lost soldier, which he himself did not tell her." The letters are full of the poetry and pathos of a "love that never found its earthly close"; they tell the story of the soldier's meeting with the girl to whom he instantly gave his heart, and describe in vivid detail his experiences in the throes of battle. They would be well worth reading even if there were no mystery surrounding them, because of the clear vision they give of the tragedy of war, the high thoughts they express, and the lovable, heroic self-sacrificing personality they reveal. The mystery lends them an added charm, and the book will doubtless be widely read, alike for the intrinsic interest of its romance and the strangeness of the unwritten romance that lies behind it.

"Last Poems of Alexander Robertson." With a Preface by P. Hume Brown, LL.D., F.B.A. 1s. 3d. net. (Elkin Mathews.) Alexander Robertson's poems have all been written since the beginning of the war. He resigned his post as Lecturer in History at Sheffield University ("a post which it had all along been his ambition to obtain") and from a high sense of honour and duty enlisted as a private in the 12th York and Lancaster Regiment in September, 1914. He fell in the great Somme offensive of 1916. His poems were written in training camps at home and while he was on active service in France, and if there is nothing in his second and last volume that surpasses the finest things in his "Comrades," which is now in its third edition, there is verse that one is glad to have, both for its broad philosophy of life, and its involuntary revelation of a character that was as gracious and soldierly as it was scholarly.

Mr. Will Cadby,
the well-known photographer, who illustrated his wife's delightful book for children, "Finding a Fairy." In that and "A Doll's Day" all the illustrations are reproductions of beautiful photographs. For the picture in "Finding a Fairy" Pornel, the child of Mr. Henry Wilson, of Arts and Crafts fame, was the model.

M. Venizelos.

From "Constantine: King and Traitor." By Demetra Vaka (John Lane). Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

"Fishermen in War Time." By Walter Wood. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.) A very graphic narration of how our fishermen, at the coming of war, became fighting men, and of the magnificent share they have taken in hunting down U-boats, mine-sweeping, and otherwise protecting our ships at sea and our coasts from invasion. No records of the war can beat these stories of dogged endurance and indomitable courage. It is difficult to estimate all we owe to the trawlers and drifters and the men who have manned them, but Mr. Wood makes us realise much of our immeasurable debt, and fills us with pride in the gallant fellows we can never adequately repay. The book is illustrated with a number of excellent photographs.

"The Years for Rachel." By Berta Ruck. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton). Miss Berta Ruck seems to get into the very hearts of her heroines —a gift that has made her deservedly popular, especially among women readers. In "The Years for Rachel" Gwen Brook tells the story of her long engagement to Selby Harrington, how it commenced in the days of her budding womanhood and continued over the years that preceded and finally flung us into the great war. The war plays an important part in the romance, and the end of the story is not what one expects when Gwen is first discovered, radiant in the knowledge of Selby's love for her, and giving him in return all the devotion of her youthful heart. Miss Berta Ruck knows how to tell a good tale, and "The Years for Rachel," answering the questions, "How did those years 'seem' to Rachel herself? What did Rachel think of the whole affair?" will be added to her lengthening list of successes. She writes in an easy, intimate style that holds the interest, leavens her sentiment and pathos with an entertaining and airy humour, and leaves you satisfied that the lengthy engagement is a mistake, and short ones and war weddings are more likely to bring happiness.

"The Great Unborn." By Edwin Pugh. 2s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.) One of the biggest problems we shall have to solve after the war, or sooner—the bringing to an end of the age-long war between Capital and Labour—is handled earnestly, imaginatively and with no little power in this story by Mr. Edwin Pugh. It is a fantasy, in the sense that "The Cricket on the Hearth" is a fantasy, but it brings you up against the sternest and most human realities. Mr. Pugh illustrates his argument with the contrasted pictures of a working man burdened, powerless to bargain with his master, and reduced to slavery and misery by the needs of a large family, and of a shrewder man who is careful not to give so many hostages to fortune and so is able to save, to retain his freedom, to take risks and win his way to independence and comfort and the joys of success. Also he is able to give his two children plenty of food, an adequate education and a start in the world that enables them to do better even than himself. Mr. Pugh's argument is that the workers at present play into the hands of those who exploit them, since, as a result of their careless self-indulgence, the supply of labour is in excess of the demand for it, and that it rests with themselves to remedy this state of affairs by reversing it. You may disapprove of his scheme, or doubt its practicability, but the passionate sympathy with which it is presented, the intimate knowledge of how the poor have to live, and the pathos and humour and interest of his story are undeniable. There is nothing much of the war in it, except that it presumes the present war is over, and foresees how the War Minister and Reconstruction Minister of the future would feelingly protest that in so reducing their numbers the lower orders were unpatriotic, left us short of fighting men to resist the Germans when they were ready again to attack us, and would involve the country in "financial, national and moral ruin." There is truth in the book as well as irony, and if its proposals are fantastic, they are also full of suggestion.

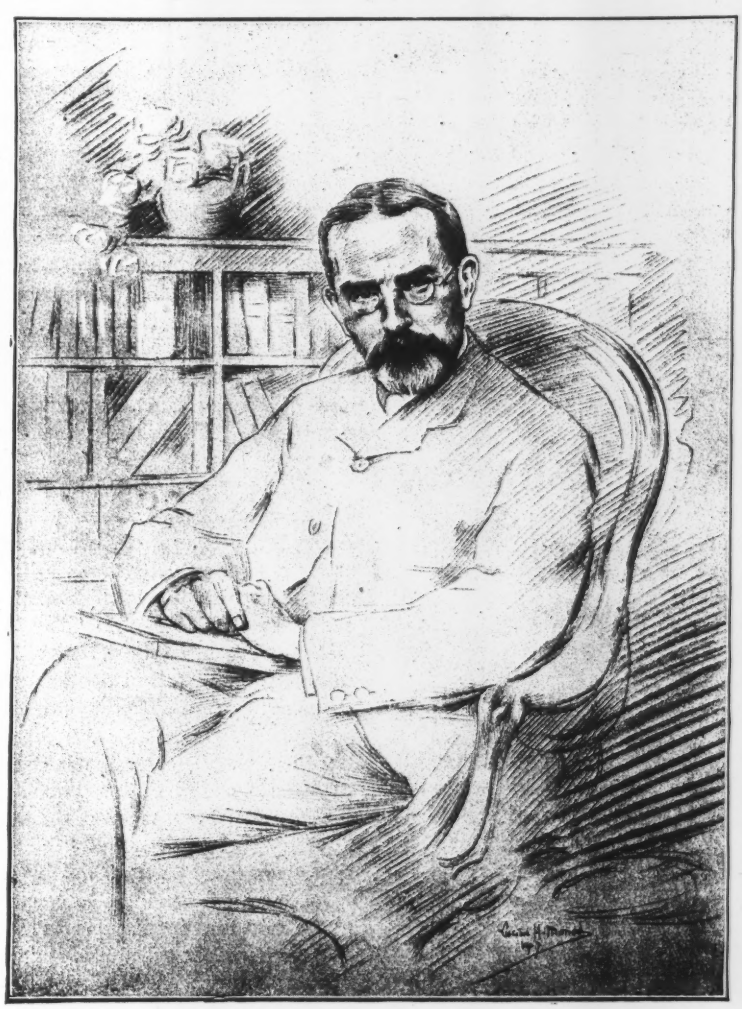
THE READER.

FRAZER OF "THE GOLDEN BOUGH."

By C. E. Lawrence.

LET us now praise — a famous man, or rather a man whose work has entitled him to more fame than has been his portion. It is evidently the easiest thing in the world to overlook true merit, for the reason that opinion largely runs with the crowd. Repetition by paragraph, the child of puff, is the surest means of securing the necessary repetition by mouth; and it is generally through the mouth—mightier than the sword!—that passing reputations are made. In the long run this does not matter, for nobody morally worth sixpence grudges the cheers to the favourites, whether deserved or not; but when the effect is that true merit enjoys less than its due share of the laurels, then is the time for subordinates to bestir themselves.

My only excuse for rushing in with this humble tribute to Frazer of "The Golden Bough" is that I have waited for the angels, and they have been remiss. Sir James Frazer's character and the enormous body of his constructive and suggestive work in many departments of scientific and literary life entitle him to a place amongst those on the pinnacle of national honour through personal achievement. Had he been a German scholar, his name and work, before the war, would have been chimed and pealed about the world with all the brazenness of the accepted absolute authority. But he happens to be British; he was born sixty-four years ago in the peaceful village of Glasgow, and had been working for years in quiet rooms in Trinity College, Cambridge, before he came to live in the Temple, realising in the process such a mass of information, not only on primitive man, his practices, habits of thought, and superstitions, but on subsequent stages of the psychological development of humanity—"the peasant remains a pagan and a savage at heart"—as will remain a monument to his scholarly insight and amazing perseverance, and a tumulus for future investigators to work upon for many years to come. I venture to assert positively that he has had nothing like his share of the appreciation due, though himself would be the last to notice this or to care about it. How actual the seeming indifference has been was brought home to me when perusing the "Cambridge History of English Literature." This is the elaborate production of the Press of the University wherein most of Sir James Frazer's work has been done, the University that will enjoy lasting credit for its association with him; and his name is only once mentioned in the fourteen volumes, and that is a mere bald reference, in a footnote, to his edition of the "Letters of William Cowper." There is nothing more! Yet for balance and charm of style, for precision of statement and nervous, imaginative phrasing, his written work, from the first slender "Totemism," published in the eighties, to "Balder the Beautiful," is worthy of very high rank among the achievements of English prose. As an example, and to point the injustice through forgetfulness that Cambridge has done herself, let me quote from the preface to his translation of "Pausanias's Description of Greece."



Sir James Frazer.

From the portrait of Lucien H. Monod, in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

"The windows of my study look on the tranquil court of an ancient college, where the sundial marks the silent

passage of the hours and in the long summer days the fountain plashes drowsily amid flowers and grass; where, as the evening shadows deepen, the lights come out in the blazoned windows of the Elizabethan hall and from the chapel the sweet voices of the choir, blent with the pealing music of the organ, float on the peaceful air, telling of man's eternal aspirations after truth and goodness and immortality. Here, if anywhere, remote from the tumult and bustle of the world with its pomps and vanities and ambitions, the student may hope to hear the still voice of truth, to penetrate through the little transitory questions of the hour to the realities which abide, or rather which we fondly think must abide, while the generations come and go."

This passage of measured dignity and charm is characteristic of the man. It is expressive of his intellectual spaciousness, his thoroughness and his modesty, the modesty of the truly great. There are, indeed, many aspects of parallel between Sir James Frazer and Charles Darwin: the same boldness of aim and concentration of purpose, a similar capacity for collecting and arranging masses of evidence; the same spirit of patience, perseverance, thoroughness and—modesty. I am convinced that if some shattering evidence were produced to knock away the bases on which his greatest effort of work is built—and the twelve volumes of "The Golden Bough" are but "one chapter" of his particular field of study, the description of one special rite serving to start an infinitude of investigations—he would bear it with resignation, realising philosophically that Truth is always the thing. Indeed, in one of the prefaces of the series, he makes an acknowledgment that even the ordinary scholar, resolute for the truth, would find it difficult to make, to say the least of it. "I believe," says he, "that while theories are transitory, a record of facts has a permanent value, and that as a chronicle of ancient customs and beliefs my book may retain its utility when my theories are as obsolete as the customs and beliefs themselves deserve to be." There is something almost sad in this consciousness of the transitory nature of any contribution to science; and yet it accounts for Frazer's insatiable zest in the pursuit of knowledge and the catholicity of his scientific interests. His record shows an extraordinary range of intellectual sympathy and adventure; he is prepared to sup the truth from any well, as his constant attendance at the lectures of the Royal Society have shown to me. There, in the privacy of a retired bench, he listens and watches, and occasionally, without doubt, finds details to add to his vast collection of the very diverse facts upon which the structure of his studies is raised.

From a photo kindly lent by Mr. Noel Griffith. **Brick Court, Temple.**
Sir James Frazer's home in London.

The extraordinary range of his interests is shown in the printed record of his works. They are not limited even to the wide department of science he has made his own: the history of Greece, and the elaborate mythology of Egypt; Savage customs, beliefs and languages; Totemism, Fetish worship and Taboo; the evolution of the idea and fact of Kingship, Oriental Religion and Social Anthropology, the study of Comparative Ethics, the influence of superstitions on the growth of Institutions, the amazing powers and ceremonies of Witchcraft and other Magical practices; the tyranny of the Evil Eye. It needs no addition to this casual list to emphasise the extraordinary stores of resource and energy and patience of research that have gone to the service of anthropological science and the infinite fund and possibilities of the results. But that is, after all, only a single aspect of the interests of the sage of Brick Court. One of Sir James Frazer's earliest books was "Passages of the Bible Chosen for Their Literary Beauty and Interest"; the latest, to appear in this autumn, is a work on the "Folk-Lore of the Old Testament." It has been my privilege to hear the author read certain of the chapters of this volume, and I know it will prove an enjoyable, inspiring and suggestive contribution to the extraordinary department to which Frazer has made the principal and the most generous offerings. He is an expert in geography and, for an instance, through his knowledge in this respect, gives in "Adonis, Attis, Osiris" an admirable description of Asia Minor, thereby explaining many of the local customs.

Yet one more department, and this the most attractive to many of us, his loving work in the English literature of the eighteenth century. His edition, with a memoir, of the "Letters of William Cowper" has even been discerned by the microscopical eye of the editors of the Cambridge History (as I have already fervently said); while his "Selection of the Essays of Joseph Addison," published in two volumes since the war broke out, contains an introduction of very especial insight and charm. It is no exaggeration to declare that it has the style, ease and imagination of Addison combined with the sparkling geniality of Richard Steele. We visit the Temple Gardens in the company of Sir Roger de Coverley and find the delectable knight better company than ever—yes, better company than ever!

A many-sided man, whose variety of interests keeps him from the possibilities of Dry-as-dust, Sir James shares the capacity of plodding patience with the dull doctor; but is blessed with an imagination that flyblown, deadening authority is incapable of. It is this that differentiates him from so many who delve in the gardens

of science. Frazer is no mere collector of facts or arranger of evidence; he is architectonic. Let me quote the opinion of an explorer and anthropologist who had travelled and made investigations among primitive peoples. Said the expert, at a luncheon—when the truth will out, "Frazer is the brain, we are the feelers. The great mistake made by the world who has not read him is that it looks upon him as a collector of facts, and justly so; but the explorers and anthropologists are the bricklayers, Frazer is the architect; they are the witnesses, he is the judge." It is admitted by all who have studied primitive peoples that no one has so well understood the floating texture of savage psychology as James Frazer has done. Yet, he confessed at a complimentary dinner a little while since, he has only seen one savage, and that was in a cage at a show many years ago. His wide authoritative knowledge of his very evasive subject comes from the constant study of many years and the genius for putting his case together. He is the complete student, generally working fourteen hours a day, gathering information from every field and sifting it well before it is applied. So complete a student is he that (this is a fact I cajoled from Lady Frazer) he has continued absorbed in his reading with his clothing on fire; and, when the Boche was raining bombs on the Temple (I must quote a French paper, *La Victoire*), "le maitre, qui renforce le flegme anglais de son humeur écossais, ne daigna interrompre sa tâche ni même relever ses lunettes de son front."

The extent of his reading and the diverse, multitudinous nature of the subjects dealt with are best shown or suggested by the ultimate volume of the series of "The Golden Bough," containing the General Index and Bibliography in five hundred and thirty-six closely printed demy 8vo pages. That great work is the crown of his labour. His publishers, the Macmillans, deserve ample credit for the readiness and generosity through which they have enabled this scholar to realise his theories and sound his voice. They have also enabled him to add to the established glories of British scientific endeavour. The vast web of information, covering the customs of peoples of the highest culture and the most primitive over a span of ages almost from the dawn of time until now, has been woven from one centre—the symbolic worship of the priest-king of Nemi in the mystical shadow of the mistletoe, raising hands of ceremony and awe to the deity enthroned with the oak and rolling thunder and the sky. An universe of possibilities has been poised by this scholar on the Golden Bough; and yet no one is readier than he to disclaim finality even to any one of the thousands of details discussed. There is something fatalistic in Sir James Frazer's realisation of the inadequacy of human effort in any sphere, and yet how we puppets strut and wear our tinsel! Such a plaint as the following is actually pathetic. "The circle of human knowledge, illuminated by the pale cold light of reason, is so infinitely small, the dark regions of human ignorance which lie beyond that luminous ring are so immeasurably vast, that imagination is apt to . . . mistake the shadowy reflections of her own figure for real beings moving in the abyss." It is rare indeed to find a scholar and investigator wise enough and sufficiently brave to acknowledge the brevity of the flickering candle-light with which he illuminates some corner of the universe of problems. It is part of the greatness of the man, to whom I have paid this inadequate and belated tribute, that he recognises the inevitable limitations, and yet works on patiently, modestly and lovingly.

From a photo kindly lent by Mr. Noel Griffith. **Fountain Court, Temple,** on which the windows of Sir James Frazer's chambers look out.

THE VISIBLE WORLD.*

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THE children of experience—are they wiser and happier than the children of intuition? Some think that to miss an experience is to miss an opportunity; and this in a way is true. But there is also an opportunity in avoidance; and some may gain more by restraint and discretion, by a fierce refusal to confuse truth with a medley of facts, than others will gain by an infinity of running to and fro, peeping and seeking and inquiring. Just as, in its basest forms, the passion for experience may be merely an unrestful inquisitiveness;

* "Cities and Sea-Coasts and Islands." By Arthur Symons. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

so the refusal to experience may be a cowardice, a mental or moral laziness which would keep the soul shut in some false ivory palace, deaf to the movement and magic of the world. The problem is, perhaps, most acute for the artist. The philosopher and the mystic, the lover and the religious—they have a wisdom which fuses experience and intuition; for them experience, if they handle it, is not proof but merely evidence, evidence of a truth to which their lives and their hearts have long ago assented. Yet all of them, if they be of the temperament which think, acclaim the Dominical word as the very expression of the inmost mystery: Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed. To them there is given the great experience: for them the divine paradox is true; they accumulate sensations and experiences of which the sensuous man is incapable and undesirous—and if the world fail them, they can make a universe free only to themselves, to the beloved and to God.

With the artist it is different. Experience, actual or imagined, he must have; and it is by handling of experience only that he establishes that contact with his fellow-creatures which make the position of the poet and the painter, the musician and the architect, more assured than that of the priest, the statesman, or the soldier. Yet the artists are a divided company. You have the supreme spirits, Shakespeare, or Michael Angelo, or Sophocles, for whom there seems no division between the visible and the invisible world; one is the pattern of the other, the spiritual the soul of the material. And you have those lonelier souls, such as Blake, or El Greco, or San Juan de la Cruz, for whom the flame of the inner beauty has almost burned away the world of experience, until it lies, a little golden dust of paint or syllable, caught for a moment in the hands of those pilgrims of eternity. And at the opposite pole you have Rubens, or Titian, or Dumas, whom the decorative pattern of the world, the gay colour and swing of visible things make momentarily oblivious of the spirit which alone gives to colour and gaiety and movement their meaning and their truth.

Mr. Symons, as artist and critic, has always halted a little between the two extremes—but generally with a very definite inclination to that mode of writing of which Gautier was the classic example. Classic—but not, I think, the best. There is always something a little over-flourished in Gautier's work; he loses his decorative effect by sheer crowding—and for pure, deliberate colour he does not approach the best of Rossetti, or Morris, or even Swinburne. He is, however, certainly the supreme instance of the disciple of the visible. For him, if a thing makes colour and pattern, it does not matter what else it make—even if it make nonsense. His hard, enamelled style, his cold luxury of mind, his brilliant jewelled phrases give but a false picture of a world which is full of tone and shadow and uncertainty. Frankly, Mr. Symons's pictures of places seem to us better than the great Frenchman's. His sensitiveness is more modest, his receptivity more generous; he is more anxious to give an impression than to make one.

He writes of many places, and the essays are of very different dates. London, Spain, Ireland, Cornwall, Dieppe, Dover—he has experienced them all. And in all he has gathered something which he can turn into beauty, and from which he has learnt something of wisdom. He suffers at times from that passion to describe, the passion of which Huysmans is the great master. At times I wish he would be a little simpler, a little less elaborately picturesque. Everything is handled with an equality of emphasis which is rather tiring; for so much of life is naturally unemphatic, and would be unbearable were it otherwise. At times the curiosity seems to grow morbid, and we get the horrible impression of the bull-fight at Valencia—an impression he tries to excuse by a suggested philosophical interest in the nature of cruelty.

The chapters on London are among the most successful in the book. They deal with that fabulous city of hansoms, Arthur Roberts, the Rhymers' Club, and the early days of the L.C.C., and the dirty, smoky Underground. His description of the old-fashioned London fog is an admirable instance of his vivid accuracy, his fanciful truthfulness:

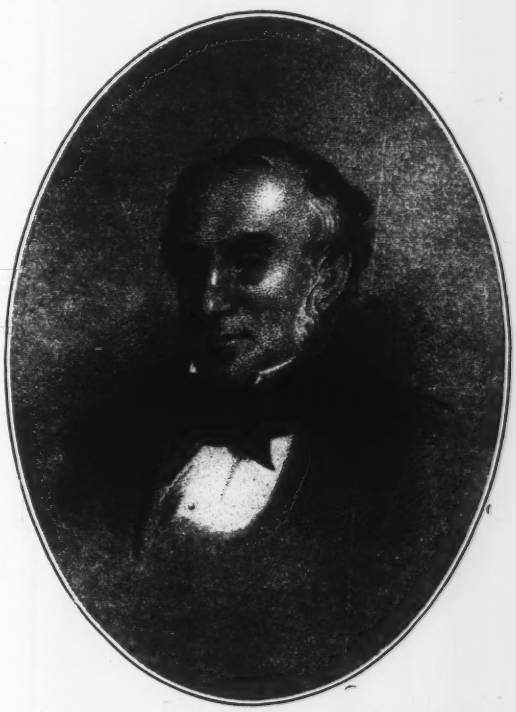
> "Foreigners praise it as the one thing in which London is unique. They come to London to experience it. It is as if one tried the experiences of drowning or suffocating. It is a penalty worse than any Chinese penalty. It stifles the mind as well as chilling the body. It comes on slowly and stealthily, picking its way, choosing its direction, leaving contemptuous gaps in its course; then it settles down like a blanket of solid smoke, which you can feel but not put from you. The streets turn putrescent, the gas lamps hang like rotting fruit, you are in a dark tunnel, in which the lights are going out, and beside you, unseen, there is a roar and rumble, interrupted with sharp cries, a stopping of wheels and a beginning of the roar and rumble over again. You walk like a blind man, fumbling with his staff at the edge of the pavement. Familiar turnings, which you fancied you could follow blindfold, deceive you, and you are helpless if you go two yards out of your course. The grime blackens your face, your eyes smart, your throat is as if choked with dust. You breathe black foulness and it enters into you and contaminates you."

After the London essays the best are the Cornish; but that on Dieppe with its sidelong recollections of Conder and Beardsley will have its own fascination for those who remember the gallant excitement of the "Savoy." The young men of to-day are a little inclined to laugh at the "æsthetes" of the nineties. Of that notable group which made the Yellow Book and the Savoy and the Bodley Head notorious, none has kept the attitude quite so firmly as has Mr. Symons. And I am struck again, as I always am in reading a new book of his, at the admirable intellectual equipment of the men of that time. The hasty, unbaked follies of our Vorticists, whatever interest they may occasionally provoke, can lay no claim to intellectual respect. There is, after all, a certain modesty in the art of these men who are devoted to the visible world; for they ask their readers to give attention not merely to their own ideas and fancies, but to the great soul of nature, or to the cunning variety of man, as shown in cities, or in the glamour of woods and mountains.

WORDSWORTH'S ACADEMIC HONOURS.

By MAJOR S. BUTTERWORTH.

"I REMEMBER," writes Matthew Arnold in 1879 in his Preface to the Selection of Wordsworth's poems in the Golden Treasury series, "hearing Lord Macaulay say, after Wordsworth's death, when subscriptions were being collected to found a memorial of him, that ten years earlier more money could have been raised in Cambridge alone, to do honour to Wordsworth, than was now raised all through the country. Lord Macaulay had, as we know, his own heightened and telling way of putting things, and we must always make allowance for it. But probably it is true that Wordsworth has never, either before or since, been so accepted and popular, so established in possession of the minds of all who profess to care for poetry, as he was between the years 1830 and 1840, and at Cambridge." Cambridge, however, was the only one of the three then existing universities in England that did not pay him any honour. True, the master of his own college of St. John's, writing "in his own name and that of several of the Fellows," asked him to sit for his portrait which, painted by Pickersgill in 1832, now adorns the dining-hall of the college, but that mark of distinction was only a local one—not one conferred by the University. The first academic institution to bestow any favour was the Durham University which admitted him to the Honorary Degree of D.C.L. in 1838. The extract from the Minutes of Convocation, kindly transcribed for me by the acting Registrar, runs as follows:



William Wordsworth.

"At a Convocation holden July 21, 1838, the following Grace was passed,

"It is proposed to confer the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Civil Law upon William Wordsworth, Esq., of Rydal Mount in the county of Westmoreland, to mark the sense which the University entertains of his distinguished merits, and of the beneficial influence which he has exercised upon the Literature of his native country. Mr. Wordsworth was presented by the Greek Professor and admitted to the Honorary Degree of D.C.L."

The acting Registrar states that this was a special convocation and that there were no other degrees conferred on that occasion.

In the following year Wordsworth received a similar honour from the University of Oxford at the Encænia on June 12th, 1839. It has not been the practice, the Keeper of the Archives declares, to enter more than the bare facts in the Register of Convocation, but each person is given a short description for the sake of identification. The entry is as follows: "Vir Poëseos omnigenæ scientiâ peritissimus et ipse Poeta dulcissimus, celeberrimus *Gulielmus Wordsworth*, de Monte Rydal in comitatu Westmoriæ armiger."

Keble, the Professor of Poetry in the University, who had some five years previously dedicated to Wordsworth his "Praelections on Poetry," "did him ample honour from the rostrum in the course of his delivery of the Creweian oration." Wordsworth's reception "was overpowering to others, though he stood it firmly and apparently unmoved as one of his Westmoreland mountains," and it seems to have been very gratifying to him. Writing to his friend, John Peace of the City Library, Bristol (who, as Christopher Wordsworth states in his Memoirs of his uncle, had walked to Oxford to witness the ceremony), he tells him that "it was not a little provoking that I had not the pleasure of shaking you by the hand at Oxford when you did me the honour of coming so far to 'join in the shout.' I was told by a Fellow of University College that he had never witnessed such an outburst of enthusiasm in that place, except upon the occasions of the visits of the Duke of Wellington."

Dr. Arnold, who was also present as an interested spectator, tells his friend, the Rev. G. J. Cornish, that "it was striking to witness the thunders of applause, repeated over and over again, with which he was greeted in the theatre by undergraduates and Masters of Arts alike."

In Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth's short sketch of Wordsworth published in 1891 we are given some interesting details following the graduation ceremony:

"He breakfasted at Magdalen with Dr. Bloxam and Keble, who said 'I should like it, of all things, for I have never been in the same room with him.' Wordsworth asked for a copy and translation of Keble's passage about himself, naïvely adding, 'I want to take it home and show it to my wife, for she never thinks that I am anybody.' He was the guest of Dr. Gilbert of Brasenose, whose little blind daughter, Bessie, was delighted to hear him say he had almost leapt off the coach in Bagley wood to gather the blue speedwells. 'One day she was in the room alone when he entered. For a moment he stood still before the blind child, whose sensitive little face turned wonderingly towards him. Then he gravely said, 'Madam, I hope I do not disturb you?' She never forgot that 'Madam,' grave, solemn, almost reverential.'"*

The next occasion of Wordsworth's receiving an academic distinction was when, on March 17th, 1845,

* "Life of Elizabeth Gilbert." By Miss Martin.

he was elected an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He was elected at the same time as a considerable number of other eminent men of the day, of which the following is a complete list, kindly compiled for me by the General Secretary of the Royal Society:

Sir M. I. Brunel, Knight.
Sir John Franklin, Knight.
Professor Thomas Graham.
H. Hallam, Esq.
Sir W. J. Hooker.
Dr. Lloyd of Dublin.
Charles Lyell, Esq.
R. J. Murchison, Esq.
Professor Owen.
Sir Edward Parry, Knight.
The Earl of Rosse.
The Rev. Dr. Whewell.
William Wordsworth, Esq.

The above honour appears to have been unknown to Wordsworth's biographers as I am not aware that it is mentioned in any of the numerous Lives of the poet. In the catalogue of the library of the late Winston H. Hagen sold at the Anderson Galleries, New York, last May there is a note with reference to one of Wordsworth's letters to his publisher, Edward Moxon, undated except for the day of the month, December 9th. The year in all probability would be that of 1845. The note states that it is "a late letter to his publisher, Edward Moxon, in which he states that he has been elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy and of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and suggests that these distinctions be mentioned in the next edition of his poems." "Upon this hint" I wrote to the Royal Society of Edinburgh and thereafter made inquiries from the other universities and the Royal Irish Academy, the results of which, so courteously complied with, I have embodied in this article.

Later on in the same year in which Wordsworth received the Honorary Fellowship of the Royal Society of Edinburgh he was made an Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy, the date of which was November 29th.

Hitherto none of the poet's biographers have deemed it necessary to give the exact dates, or when they have attempted to, the dates are not correct. In Mr. Thomas Hutchinson's chronological table prefixed to his edition of the Oxford Wordsworth we are merely told that the Durham Doctorate was awarded in the "summer" of 1838; that of the Oxford one in "July"; and the Honorary Membership of the Royal Irish Academy "March, 1846" instead of November 29th of the preceding year; and as above mentioned there is no record of the Honorary Fellowship of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

THE DOMINIE—NEW STYLE.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—I am indebted to Mr. George Sampson's review in your columns under the above heading for an introduction to the collection of essays entitled "The New Teaching," edited by Dr. John Adams.

The New Teaching is nothing but the practice of teachers who really teach. These men are continually struggling against the competition of men who are not teachers but simply schoolmasters. They do not teach: they set lessons and beat or otherwise torture children who do not learn them. They may be, and often are, callous ruffians, as cruel as they are lazy and incompetent. At best their work is no more skilled work than the work of a prison warder. If they were police constables they would be unable to take the beats which require sense and tact rather than the assertion of brute force and the maintenance of the crude terrors of the law. Of these I have said that thirty shillings a week and the status of dog-trainers represent the market value of their labour and their manners; and I have protested against the genuine teachers being dragged down by their competition to this level. I have never lost an opportunity of insisting on the value and dignity of genuine teaching, and denouncing the masquerade of mere boy farming and child taming as education in so-called schools which are merely prisons in which children are locked up to keep them from worrying their parents. In this I have the support of every genuine teacher and educationist in the country, a support generously expressed in their correspondence with me.

Yet most people are so unaccustomed to make any distinction between a mere schoolmaster and a teacher that Mr. George Sampson, in the very act of reviewing a book in which the strenuousness of real teaching is impressed on him, calmly adds: "These (the genuine teachers) are the people to whom that great educationist Mr. Bernard Shaw proposes to give thirty shillings a week and the status of dog-trainers." He then adds—and I confess he extorted the laugh he played for, even from me, its victim—"The bilious buffoon who has ceased to draw is a common object of the circus." Now I protest I am not bilious; I have obviously not ceased to "draw" Mr. Sampson; and the buffoon who has ceased to draw is not a common object of the circus, because he cannot get an engagement there. There is no truth in Mr. Sampson's statement, and no sense in his comment.

I do not answer such stuff when it appears, as it mostly does, in *The Schoolmaster*; but in THE BOOKMAN it might mislead people whose esteem and support is of importance to me on public as well as personal grounds.

I am therefore reluctantly driven to stand Mr. Sampson in the corner. It is, I grant, a poor pedagogic method; but if I cannot reform Mr. Sampson, I must at least be allowed to make him ridiculous.

Yours truly,
G. BERNARD SHAW.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1918.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

WAR TIME NOTICE.—*The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month, and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and, nowadays, cannot always obtain their copies of* THE BOOKMAN *punctually, we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3 Competition) both for the current month and the month following, as below.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best motto from any British or American author for the proposed League of Nations.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best eight lines of original verse addressed to our soldiers on the prospect of Peace.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

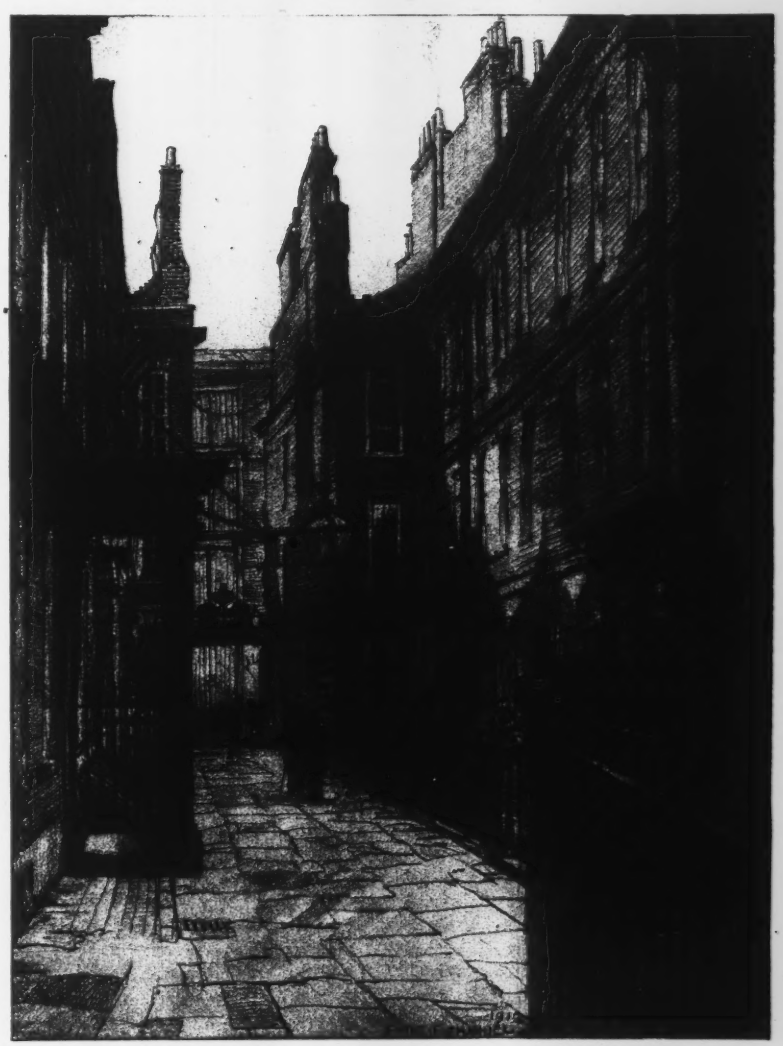
RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—The Prize for the best lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Miss M. Crump, of 14b, Ashbourne Mansions, Hendon, N.W.4, and to 36782 Sergeant D. F. Finn, Norfolk Regiment, c/o. Mrs. Brown, 19, Balfour Road, Birkenhead, for the following:

HYMN TO FLORA.

Dawn is here, but our Lady lingers;
Hasten, Goddess, thy children pray.
Touch the buds with thy dewy fingers,
Bid them blossom to greet the day.
Hark the hymn of the temple singers
Ringing about thy way!

Take the gifts that our hands are bringing,
Roses that round thine altar climb,
Iris tall in the grass upspringing,
Stately lilies and fragrant thyme,
Garlands culled where the birds were singing
High in the bee-loved lime.



Catherine Court, Tower Hill, London.

Drawn by F. L. Emanuel

From "The English Home from Charles I. to George IV.," by J. Alfred Gotch, which Messrs. Batsford and Co. have just published.

Brown bees hover about thy tresses,
Wild things follow in shy desire;
Light winds woo thee with soft caresses,
Song-birds hymn thee, nor cease, nor tire;
Far through the groves thy presence blesses
Poppies spring up like fire.

Night shall come and shall find us waking;
Raise ye the song of praise anew!
On through the glens your torches shaking,
Living lanterns the long night through,
Till the dawn in the far east breaking
Shines on the fields of dew.

Harken, Goddess, and let thy light
Clothe the earth with a finer grace.
Give the shepherd, who wakes to-night,
Joy in a glimpse of thy passing face.
Lo, we twine of these earthly flow'rs
Fading garlands, a gift for thee;
Let those offerings frail of ours
Shine anew in thy garden bow'rs,
Where thou dreamest through summer hours
In the vales of Arcady.

M. CRUMP.

ON RETURNING FROM WAR.

Do you remember, love, not long ago,
That winter fireside in a northern land
Where we sat idly dreaming while your hand
Touched mine? Before us in the fiery glow
The unending pageant of the future passed
With crimson magic dyed; and in the night
Outside the creeping darkness hid the light
Of winter's faint, grey twilight; and the blast
Wailed and whimpered, tried the noisy latch
And shook the pane and shook the forkéd flame;
And from the gloom the monstrous shadows came
Leaping o'er wall and ceiling, swift to snatch
With crooked fingers at our souls' content,
Then sink back mouthing, inarticulate,
In impotent hate. They could not penetrate
Our souls on whirling dreams of passion intent.
They were but shadows.

And then the parting swift—the unspoken fear—
The winding column, four abreast—the strong,
Quick tread of youth timed to a roar of song—
The vibrant cheer that, had it not been a cheer
Must else have been a sob—the backward glance
Over the shoulder. Then the singing dies,
The half-jest fails, and youth, with manhood's eyes,
Grim, purposeful, swings on to war, perchance
To honours earned, or to a hero's end. . . .
To death! Ah, worse than death, for I have crept
Out of the press of war (I that would have slept
Quiet on the hill where wooden crosses extend
Their most beseeching arms) a thing for tears!
A broken, battered, blinded wreck of one
That was made in God's image! Life but just
begun!
The shadows conquer; and though I have not years
I have no youth.

There is a love expressionless, and pain
Past all expression. Knowing each, I pray
For sleep, that so the Blessed Virgin may
Waken me in thy loving arms again.

D. F. FINN.

We also select for printing:

SORROW.

(After Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis*.)

In the midst of our pleasure comes delicate wavering sorrow,
Like the scent of that rose which you see will be fading to-morrow.
It is ours, ours alone
And, though never a moan
Shall declare it, the wound is too deep any comfort to borrow.

Should a rough hand come near it unheeding, what exquisite pain
Does it pour out in blood that no effort of ours can restrain.
And though love lightly touch,
Be it scarcely as much
As a breath, it will flow—but with tenderest sorrow—again.

Where sorrow is, sanctity hovers and holy's the ground,
This supremest emotion that through a man's soul may resound
Of our art and our life
Is a test, and a strife
Which perchance teaches all of the truth that a human has found.

(Mary Salford, 30, Newstead Grove, Nottingham.)

COMMUNION.

I have swept my soul's hearth clean, Lord,
And kindled a fire,
And my table is spread and garnished, Lord,
With Love's desire.

I have opened my heart's door wide, Lord,
So that afar
The glow of my fire shall gleam, Lord,
Bright as a star.

If You should be passing by, Lord,
Wearied or cold,
You might make of my humble heart, Lord,
A sheltering fold.

There is room on my glowing hearth, Lord,
For the Lamb of God,
And my love shall cover you warm, Lord,
From the blight and sod.

Make this your travelling road, Lord,
And my door a star,
Where the manna of faith and love, Lord,
All waiting are.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

HANNAH'S LULLABY.

The long road quiet now,
My precious one;
No more the hasting feet,
For day is done;
Only the cool of night,
My little son.

Jehovah reverenced is
In Shiloh fair;
Thy father's sacrifice
Goodly and rare:
But here, I worship Him
Who heard my prayer.

The years so dark in front
Seem dim with pain,
Though grudge I not the Lord
His own again,
But, little wise-eyed babe,
My heart seems slain.

Awake at night I lie
To feel thee near,
The long years stretch ahead
To grip with fear,
But now, we two alone,
Oh, child so dear

The fierce heat now is past,
The hours are run,
The shades fall clear and cool,
For day is done,
And thou—thou still art here—
My little son.

(Mary E. Steel, 39, Cleveland Terrace, Darlington.)

We specially commend the lyrics by E. R. L. (Durham), Private Peter Milne (Invergordon), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), M. E. Painter (Gravesend), Lieutenant J. D. Greenway (B.E.F., France), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), Edith Beechey (Pentre), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), J. S. Young (Cheshire), L. A. N. N. (Sowerby Bridge), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), M. K. Smyth (Brockenhurst), Laurence Groom (London, N.), Pioneer R. W. Shaw (Gosport), 2nd Lieutenant G. N. Goodman (Northern Command Headquarters, India), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), J. A. Bellchambers (London, N.), "Rusticus"; M. E. Morris (Torquay), C. W. H. (London, S.E.), Joyce Frideswide Powell (Liverpool), "Darien" (Lutterworth), A. Kotlar (London, S.E.), Alice Linford (London, N.), Rachel Swete Macnamara (New Milton), Dorothy L. Warne (Buxton), E. J. Pratt (Toronto, Ont.), Leslie T. Comber (B.E.F., France), F. M. (Cwmffrwdoer), William Dennis (Hindley), John A. Stevenson (Glasgow), Miss V. M. Hirst (London, W.), Cuthbert Ellison (Rochdale), Margaret E. Riley (St. Austell), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), B. B. Horton (Westerham), Edith Arundel (London, S.W.), Winifred W. Kershaw (Birkdale), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), Frances C. Dennis (Edenbridge), May Herschel Clarke (London, S.E.), C. M. (Strete), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Natal, S.A.), Emily H. Rowan (Birmingham), W. V. J. K. (Alvaston), Ethel Boyd (St. Helens), H. Seager Darby (Lydd), Lila C. Buchanan (Edinburgh), Private L. D. Cosgrove (London, S.E.), Margaret E. Richardson (Sunderland), Jessie Hare Wakefield (Worsbrough Dale), Beatrice Skilton (London, E.), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), A. Dykes (Leeds), Leslie D. Cockerill (London, E.), Richard L. Smith (Lancaster), Edith E. Hammond (Ruthin, N. Wales), J. Arlingham Davies (Crickhowell, S. Wales), Grace H. Hill (London, N.), D. H. Southgate (Maidenhead), May B. Wardale (Shrewton, Wilts), Faith Hearn (Ilminster), Margaret Barker (Great Yarmouth), D. M. Procter (Llanelly), Constance Goodwin (London, S.W.), Private William Pocock (Dublin), B. Campbell Guerin (Guernsey), Freda J. Philips (London, E.C.), M. Mackintosh (Henley-on-Thames), W. H. Dobinson (London, N.), F. Baxter (Catford), J. Reginald Wilmot (Birkenhead), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Ena D. Reynolds (Newport), Margaret Bardwell (Kingston-on-Thames), Guy Kendall (London, N.W.), Rosalind Fuller (London, S.W.), Madge Beaumont (Huddersfield), Barbe H. Annand (Glasgow), "Anthea" (Bishop's Sutton), Ethel Barton (Birmingham), 2nd Lieutenant W. G. Elles (B.E.F., France), Violet Barras (Dublin), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), C. Vere Sturt (Tenterden), E. M. Lyat (Sandgate), R. P. (Parkgate, Cheshire), A. W. Somerville (London, N.), Dorothy Silverman (Southsea), A. G. Thomas (Bangor), Kathleen E. Douglas (Salisbury), Doreen M. Dillon (London, S.E.), William Murray (Aberdeen), Helen Christine Havers (Edinburgh), M. A. P. Price (Birmingham), Mrs. N. Heard (Parkstone, Dorset), M. D. Withey (London, S.W.), Winifred Barrows (Malvern, Wells), R. G. T. (Stockport), Margaret Brown (Calne), H. Cochaox (London, N.).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Irene Lalonde, of 14, Forester Road, Bath, for the following:

OUT TO WIN. By CONINGSBY DAWSON. (Lane.)

"In his sleeves, which were long, there were twenty-four packs."

BRET HARTE. *The Heathen Chinee.*

We also select for printing:

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.
EDITED BY HAROLD BAILEY. (Cassell.)

"The women there do all they ought."
RUPERT BROOKE, *The Old Vicarage, Grantchester.*

(Captain W. L. Dudley, Welsh Regiment, Llanion Barracks, Pembroke Dock.)

THE FIRE OF GREEN BOUGHS.
By Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD. (Duckworth.)

"My love, we're out of coals."
THOMAS HOOD.

(Dorothy Marshall, Bridge End House, Old Hutton, near Kendal.)

THE ANZAC PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.
By LANCE-CORPORAL COBBER. (Simpkin.)

"Still achieving, still pursuing."
LONGFELLOW, *A Psalm of Life.*

(M. K. Perkins, Whiteleaf, Princes Risborough, Bucks.)

ECHOES OF THE WAR.
By J. M. BARRIE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The vet is breeding Belgian hares,
The vicar keeps a goat."
W. H. O., *Our Village.* (*Punch.*)

(Joan Lovett, Hopkinson House, Vincent Square, S.W.1.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best statement by herself of the effect the war has had on Mrs. Grundy's opinions is awarded to Mrs. Sybilla Kirkland Vesey, of Fordel, Glenfarg, Perthshire, for the following:

THE EFFECT THE WAR HAS HAD ON MRS. GRUNDY'S OPINIONS.

It is very kind of you to give me this opportunity of expressing my changed opinions. The war has radically altered my former view and taught me many lessons.

I am *not* indispensable as I once believed. Men and women can take care of themselves without my aid, though I flatter myself that my past teaching has not been altogether in vain.

I am very old, but if I live till the end of the war, I hope to start a new campaign. My watchword will be, "Learn life as it really is, and then live." I shall teach the young to profit by the mistakes of their elders, and shall endeavour to persuade the old that they must guide the young but not seek to dominate them entirely, and above all that they must remember that outward symbols change with the times, though fundamentals remain for all eternity.

We specially commend the statements sent by A. D. Somerville (Edmonton), Miss Shaw (Harrogate), Lance-Corporal T. W. Morden (Seaford), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), J. Stanley Stokes (Heavitree), Captain James R. Young (N.Z.E.F., France), Mrs. J. O. Arnold (Sheffield), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), Ida Tompkins (Stockport), Helen Christine Havers (Edinburgh), H. W. Mottram (London, W.), M. G. Dodds (Cheshire), S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), Gunner C. B. Rutley (Lee, S.E.), C. E. Ransom (Bovey Tracey), Staff-Sergeant H. Dalton Vasey (Brentwood), D. Hare (Bath), Margaret S. Smithson (Worthing), "Amaryllis" (Bournemouth), Private F. G. Mitchell (Dublin), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Winifred B. Williams (Watford), M. C. Jobson (Bedford).

XUM

IV —The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Jessie Jackson, of 83, Walkergate, Beverley, Yorks, for the following:

THE GARDEN OF SURVIVAL.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (Macmillan.)

To lovers of spirituality and beauty Mr. Blackwood's book will come as a satisfaction and a delight. It is full of delicate and sensitive thought, a study in possibilities that are welcome to believers in the oneness of soul which makes death only a transition, "a passing from light to light thro' a brief darkness." The title is based on the Edenic idea of communion in the garden of the heart, and this is very tenderly treated from the human standpoint, as well as being linked with the Divine presence "among the growing leaves."

We also select for printing:

RELIGIO GRAMMATICI: THE RELIGION OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

BY GILBERT MURRAY, LL.D. (Allen & Unwin.)

This presidential address to the Classical Association is Professor Gilbert Murray's "Confession of Faith." Concise and beautifully phrased, it is an apology for a life devoted to Greek studies. In his task of interpreting and so reliving some of "the chosen moments of human life." Professor Murray claims to have discovered a truly religious experience. This experience begins with a sense of deliverance from the bondage of the *external present*, and leads to a consciousness of communion with the external spirit of man in the working out of a great, though unknown, purpose.

(Douglas Harrison, c/o Y.M.C.A., A.P.O., 51, B.E.F., France.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Claude Farmer (Kensington), Lieutenant Ralph Edwards (B.E.F., France), Alice Wise (Leicester), "Cew" (Brighouse), H. W. Mottram (London, W.), Elsie M. Meredith (Bideford), W. J. Makin (Manchester), William Saunders (Edinburgh), Gladys E. Pearsall (Bombay), Reginald Gray (Darlington), Mannington Sayers(Totnes),Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), Gladis Fletcher (Highbury), S. A. Griffiths (Ferndale), B. M. Morris (Bath), M. E. Rotton (London, N.W.), Rolanda Hirst (Cardiff), M. C. Barnard (London, W.), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), E. M. Kendall (High Wycombe), Ethel Webster (Bristol), E. Burgess (Douglas), Private R. C. Bodker (Salop), J. N. Douglas Smith (London, W.C.), S. Hunter (Chesterfield), Florence Parsons (Altrincham),W. A. Newman(Brighton), Hardie Matthew (Edinburgh), Rita C. M. Gayford (London, S.W.), "X. Y. Z." (Watford), Jessica E. Carr (Boston, U.S.A.), Celia Miller (Henley-on-Thames), M. B. (Stowmarket), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Heather M. D. Woods (Stockport), A. D. Somerville (Edmonton), Isabelle Griffin (Wolverhampton).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Gordon Fletcher, 81, King's Road, Erdington, near Birmingham.

New Books.

THE NEW ÉMILE.

Mr. Wells is really an amazing person. In sheer fecundity he outdoes all his contemporaries. Scarcely have we finished one long book of his before another is published and waiting to be read. The wonder is that he keeps the level of them all so high. "Joan and Peter," called by the author "the story of an education," cannot be ranked, as a novel, with his best, but it contains some of his most penetrating and practical criticism of contemporary life. It belongs in spirit to "Mr. Britling" and, in a sense, pursues the theme of that fine work. As a piece of social history it is even more extensive, for it ranges from 1893 to the present day and sketches with vigour, with strong sincerity and sometimes with a touch of caricature, the movements, the crazes, the obsessions, the defects and the animosities that have combined to bring the world down in ruins about us. The degradation of the Empire, that noble ideal, into a dirty little scheme for "taxing the foreigner"; the degradation of patriotism, that noble emotion, into sloppy adulation for a "little German widow" and her vast crowd of German relatives and dependents; the invincible ignorance of our governing Bourbons who learn nothing and forget nothing; the fatuous refusal of our "schools for the Elite" to give the future governing class the faintest vision of what they have to govern; the enormous self-satisfaction of the public schools at their wholesale manufacture of young men "with the outlook of clean, serious bricklayers' labourers," densely ignorant and intensely opinionated; the evil influence of rich, idle, old women who scheme in secret to hold up social progress and amelioration of every kind—"truculent, illiterate harridans who stir up bad blood in all the great houses of London," finance every destructive and reactionary movement, and deliberately try to create civil war in Ireland—gross old idols, who are kept at vast cost in great expensive houses, use the labour of innumerable people, terrorise the poor, consume (like sacrifices) huge pyramids of birds, sheep, cattle, and bottles of wine, and, in return, devastate the land with animosities and bitter class hatreds—these are some of the themes upon which Mr. Wells descants, perhaps a little breathlessly, but with dauntless courage and burning interest.

But do not imagine that the book is all pamphlet. Mr. Wells is before all things a novelist, a maker of men and women, an artist who creates not only the fine talk, but the people who talk it. Peter and Joan are a pair of delightful children whom we encounter as babies and leave at the end, the one a damaged flying man and the other a khaki-clad chauffeuse for the Ministry of Munitions. Their guardian is Oswald Sydenham, V.C., a fine serious Englishman of the best sort—the kind our rulers are supposed to be and aren't; it is his adventures in search of an education for his wards that provide much of the philosophical interest. And then there are Joan and Peter's parents, their aunts, their innumerable friends of childhood and adolescence, with the usual London crowd of politicals, intellectuals, artisticals and detrimentals, the whole making a numerous and vivid population. Two unusual details may perhaps receive special mention. Mr. Wells's brief summary of the unofficial educational forces of the period include a thumb-nail sketch of himself, surely the most unflattering, not to say libellous, self-portrait in literature. The other, a very different point, is a declaration of love made by a girl to a man (we name no names), the most moving, and delightful moment in the story.

The many petty faults and failures of this long and sometimes hurried book may be left to the cooler critics of next generation; its sterling and urgent merits have much more concern for us. They can be found both in the personal drama of the chief characters and in the spiritual drama of the national movements. Those who seek in novels nothing but the romantic make-believe of sentiment may find their lush enjoyments impeded by the fierce discussions; but this must be said with all possible

* "Joan and Peter: The Story of an Education." By H. G. Wells. 9s. net. (Cassell.)

earnestness: the whole future of Britain depends upon the degree to which we take to heart the warnings that Mr. Wells has woven into this absorbing story.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE MACHINERY TO MAINTAIN PEACE.

As Professor Jastrow himself says, his new book[1] is, in a measure, "an outgrowth of his former work, 'The War and the Badgad Railway,'" which I reviewed some time ago in the BOOKMAN, and in which he showed, to my mind, quite conclusively "how by the conversion of what should have been a purely commercial enterprise (the Bagdad Railway) into an imperialistic project backed by a powerful military autocracy, Pan-Germanism became a menace to the entire civilised world." From his intimate knowledge of the German people, their history and literature, he proves in his new book that, during the last quarter of a century, Germany did not produce as many great litterateurs, philosophers, and scholars as she did before she had won her victory in France. "The great era of philosophy set in with Kant," at a time when Greater Germany was undreamt of. Goethe and Schiller flourished while Germany was under Napoleon's shadow. Heine sang his lays of freedom while the people were engaged in a struggle for independence. The far-sighted Germans saw the danger arising from "the building up of a great military machine." But their warnings went unheeded and ultimately the military oligarchs involved their own people (and most of the other nations) in the present struggle.

The American entry into the war, Professor Jastrow holds, is due solely to the American desire to settle the moral issue that dominates the struggle. "Our entry," he triumphantly proclaims, "as a mighty people, bound by its traditions to peace and not to war . . . solemnise the war because of the moral issue involved." So, indeed, it does. One has but to talk with the young men who are coming over from the United States to fight, and with the young women who are crossing the Atlantic to render them medical and other aid, to realise that these people are going to war with the zeal of crusaders—that they are men and women who are bent upon "making the world safe for democracy," and who will not rest until the spectre of militarism has been nailed in its gory coffin. During the last few weeks I have had the opportunity of meeting many of America's intellectual leaders, some of them after a lapse of eight or nine years, and in each case I have been struck with the deep moral note that runs through their talk about the war.

Though Professor Jastrow's condemnation of the German peace overture because they "ignore the moral issue" was written months ago, yet it remains essentially true of the proposals that lately emanated from that quarter. He warns the enemy as well as the Allied nations that the moral issue dominating this struggle demands "that never again shall it be left in the hands of a few, in any country, to bring on a war or to dictate the terms of peace." According to him, peace must surely be "more than a temporary and patch-work settlement of the issues between the European nations that existed at the outbreak of the war." He does not wish to see the next peace conference modelled on the pattern of that of Vienna in 1815, nor that of Paris in 1856, nor that of Berlin in 1878, because each of them contained the "seeds of another war." On the contrary, it should continue the good work begun by the Hague Conferences of 1889 and 1907—conferences that "devoted themselves to the consideration of the causes that produce wars," and to the investigation of "the principles that should guide nations in the settlement of a war after the fighting is over."

Professor Jastrow claims—and claims rightly—that these conferences were not a failure because they were unable to prevent the war of 1914. The outbreak of hostilities merely indicated "that the nations of the world were not yet prepared for peace." The "Great Powers represented in these conferences were filled with thoughts of war, and some of them with preparations for war, and, under the influence of historical tradition that dominated European politics to the outbreak of the war in 1914, war, active or in embryo, was a normal condition—peace the abnormal."

But, as Franklin, the chief character in Mr. F. Herbert Stead's novel[2] reminds us, "the world's way of settling disputes (by waging war) has been tried on the most gigantic scale, and mankind is learning in blood and tears, in unspeakable torment and shame, that the world's way is irrational, immoral, and in the truest sense utterly unpractical." He goes on to say that mankind "heart-broken with million-fold bereavement . . . may turn almost in despair to the way of Jesus," which "once thought Utopian, impractical and visionary . . . is now seen, through a deluge of tears, to be the one wise, safe, practical way."

Mr. Herbert Stead, like his brother, Mr. W. T. Stead, who went down in the *Titanic*, considered permanent peace to be a practical ideal long before this frightful war turned the popular mind into that channel. How many, many times I sat in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the *Review of Reviews* and discussed with one brother or the other, or both, the evolution of the effort to end the mad race for armaments! Though Mr. Herbert Stead has thrown the veil of fiction over the characters in his book, it is not difficult for one who has taken any interest or part in the crusade to recognise them. The plot, though slight, holds the interest to the end and enables the author to give a vivid and faithful sketch of the origin and progress of the Hague

[1] "The War and the Coming Peace." By Morris Jastrow, Jun. 5s. net. (Lippincott.)

[2] "No More War." By F. Herbert Stead, M.A. 6s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

The Peace Palace at The Hague.

From "No More War," by F. Herbert Stead (Simpkin, Marshall).

Conference, of the influence this war has exerted upon the movement, and of its future development and possibilities.

There is a passage in the book which gives a splendid idea of the all-comprehensiveness of the pre-war effort to ensure peace. Mr. Stead puts these words in the mouth of Franklin:

"... This Palace (of Peace at The Hague) is not simply built out of Mr. Carnegie's pocket. It is very largely the product of the free gifts of the Governments of the world ... the gates and railings that guard the grounds are the gift of Germany. The granite on which all the walls repose is presented by Norway and Sweden. Little Denmark supplies the fountain. Italy provides the marble of the corridors. The City of The Hague has given the grand marble staircase. Holland gives the seven staircase windows. The stained glass ... is the present of Great Britain. That great picture and another in the smaller court are the gift of France. The Tsar sends a vase of jasper, Hungary six precious vases, Austria six candelabra. That group of statuary in marble and bronze ... on the first landing of the great staircase is a present from the United States. The rosewood and satinwood that panel the rooms of the Administrative Council are presented by Brazil. Turkey and Roumania supply carpets. Switzerland gives the clock in the great tower, Belgium the beautiful iron-work. And Holland supplies the site."

The development of the Hague idea would not give rise to any disputation about what nations are to enter the League of Nations and what nations are to be debarred therefrom. It further would preserve the continuity of human evolution, which a new movement that was not based upon previous effort would not do. Mr. Stead sketches, in the concluding pages of his novel, an elaborate and, on the whole, a practical programme for making The Hague the capital of the United States of the world, with a world-president, and a world-cabinet possessing an adequate international police force, and the power to employ economic boycott to enforce its will upon any unruly nation. His book deserves to be read carefully at a time when the end of the war is in sight and men's minds would be full of thoughts for ending for ever the nightmare of war.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

LIBERATION.*

Mr. Begbie's readers are aware that his approach to a subject is always serious and considered. They probably also know that he has a taking and persuasive way with him. If the subject is to be treated largely through the interview he is easily the best man for it, since in this art he has no present rival. His instinctive sympathy gets him at the closest quarters with his man, and he is resolute as are none but the very best of interviewers in shifting his own chair outside the light.

Let no reader, then, be daunted on discovering that in these pages Mr. Begbie's theme is education. For this is in no sense a professorial treatise on a matter which, soon if ever, must engage, if it do not engross, the general mind. Nothing could be happier or more adroit than Mr. Begbie's method. Having stated his proposition concisely in a few pages of preface, he leaves its practical illustration to the characters of his stories. These characters are sundry typical workers whom he met "in the course of a recent tour through industrial England"; and the colliery, the factory, the workshop, Parliament itself, and Parliamentary officials are represented. From among the diverse opinions of these people, intelligent above the common, and earnest above the common, Mr. Begbie's reader is indirectly invited to form some opinion of his own as to the directions in which the mind of Labour is at present tending; and the most casual study of them will lead him to an understanding of Mr. Begbie's own plea for a new kind of national education.

Education, in one word, as Mr. Begbie conceives it, is liberation:

"Its end is the liberation of the human spirit. ... The end of education is to make the dead soul a living soul, and the living soul a growing soul, and the growing soul a Personality that still hungers and still thirsts for the ultimate satisfactions of divinity."

Fifteen readers in twenty will at once exclaim that this is a counsel of perfection. They will, I think, be less ready to say so when they have gathered and sifted the mass of personal confession, suggestion and criticism of which the living histories in this little book are composed. For these toilers in the Midlands whom Mr. Begbie has been interviewing, colliery and factory hands and clerks and the rest, are often less preoccupied with wages (cardinal in importance as wages must be to the whole wage-earning class) than with schemes to create a better environment for all. Again and again is it urged by workmen themselves that an unlettered democracy, or a lettered democracy which fails in worthy ideals, will achieve nothing good for the community. Here is what an idealist in Birmingham says, himself a young man of the people:

"The old order must be changed. Not, How much can I get out of the community? but, How much can I put into it, or give to it?—remembering that the greatest gift or the greatest sacrifice one can make is life: this is the only hope we possess. Democracy will not be led into its own by great leaders. It will arrive when each one of us becomes great and noble by developing the best that is within us, and sharing each with each the best that we have and know to the utmost."

"There are miners and factory hands in the North," says Mr. Albert Mansbridge, founder of the splendid Workmen's Educational Association, "who don't care twopence about increasing their wages or living in bigger houses or wearing finer clothes, but who can discuss Greek history with men like Alfred Zimmern, Greek poetry with men like Gilbert Murray, and Greek philosophy with men like W. H. Hadow."

Amid so great a diversity of thinkers—from the Leeds materialist out for revolution to the old "Saint-maker" who flings his hat in the air with three cheers for Nature, and the student who sits the night through at his books and goes straight from them to shop or office—there is naturally much conflict of opinion; and a common ground can hardly be discovered. As to the extent and the moral earnestness of the movement of the working-man's soul towards a higher and more enjoyable existence there is, however, no question at all. It tends to a new social order. As Mr. Begbie states in conclusion:

"There is a new spirit at work in our midst—a spirit which at once threatens the State with violent change and yet is its chief hope of a strengthened survival. On the manner in which the whole community receives this new spirit of Democracy hang the fortunes of the British Commonwealth."

TIGHE HOPKINS.

* "Living Water: Chapters from the Romance of the Poor Student." By Harold Begbie. 2s. 6d. net. (Headley Bros.)

AN EMANCIPATED PROFESSION.*

Teachers have been greatly exercised of late over the point at which they should draw the line between history and politics. Hitherto there has been a tacit understanding that the periods of history dealt with in school should not include contemporary events. For a long time the Battle of Waterloo was held to be the most recent event that could be decently treated in a class-room. Gradually the limiting date was advanced, till now the whole reign of Victoria is regarded as legitimate, and daring spirits are found who ask why we should not teach up to the very year of grace in which the instructor does his work. Teachers seem to be no longer abashed by the contention that present day history is really politics. Some of them appear to have courage enough to ask, "What if it is?" At any rate we have before us a clever and good-tempered book under a plain title that challenges controversy. Messrs. Gollancz and Somervell make no bones about the matter. They are out to teach politics pure and simple, and they made their experiment in the holy of holies, "one

* "Political Education at a Public School." By Victor Gollancz and David Somervell. 3s. 6d. net. (Collins.)—"Education for Liberty." By Kenneth Richmond. 6s. net. (Collins.)

of the old public schools." It is true that the name is not given, but it may be divined without excessive strain. It is further true that the class in politics was conducted out of school hours and was voluntary. But the fact remains that the head of the school permitted the experiment, and that it was successful. The second experiment was the transformation of an ordinary school magazine into a more or less political review, in which current events and current literature were criticised in a perfectly natural and frank way. The authors of the experiment have the courage to reprint several of the articles from the review, and are justified in claiming that the venture marks a clear step in the progress toward naturalness and freedom of thought in school.

Mr. Kenneth Richmond approaches the question of liberty rather from the point of view of the future of the pupils than from that of the work to be done in school. The pupil is to be educated for liberty when he enters what is sometimes curiously described as the real world, as if the school itself were in some sense unreal. But as we learn to walk by walking so we learn to be free by exercising freedom. Accordingly the methods recommended by Mr. Richmond for use in school are all based upon the free activity of the pupils. This is well illustrated by his persistent recurrence to the need for encouraging instead of repressing "guessing" in school work. He will welcome, I am sure, the sympathetic quotation:

"The golden guess
That's morning star to the fair round of truth."

Indeed, if a descriptive sub-title were needed for the book, it would be hard to improve upon "The Golden Guess." For this notion of intelligent anticipation underlies the whole of Mr. Richmond's developing philosophy of mental process.

The book falls into three parts. The first two—"Notes on Method" and "The Content of Education"—are more or less orthodox, and will not call out much opposition. Let it not be supposed that this implies commonplaceness. Mr. Richmond could not be commonplace even if he tried. But in these two sections he deals in his own fresh and stimulating way with the recognised body of truths that form the ground-work of educational theory, what Professor Laurie used to like to call "the institutes." In the third part, which makes up less than a fifth of the whole, Mr. Richmond lets himself go, and sends out the delicate feelers of his peculiarly sensitive intelligence to probe the recesses of "The Unexplored Mind." I notice that some of his reviewers shake their heads over this unusual departure, and confine their attention and their praise to the more familiar subject matter of what Mr. Richmond himself calls "the more sedate chapters." To me it is a joy to find an author unwilling to play for safety all the time, and willing to take the plunge into the unknown and face the consequences. It is true that the sea on which he embarks is not altogether uncharted. He acknowledges his indebtedness to the Vienna and the Zurich schools. But everything depends on the use to be made of the material supplied by the pioneers. One has only to compare the forty pages of this book with the huge tome in which Pfister treats the same subject, to realise how infinitely more suggestive our present author is in his educational applications of the underlying ideas of psycho-analysis. Above everything Mr. Richmond is eminently sane in his suggestiveness. The sub-Jones and the super-Jones are as real and vital as the plain Jones that comes between, and as important for the practical teacher. The whole of our cast-iron system of education is a sin against super-Jones, and a study of Mr. Richmond's all too brief analysis of the possibilities of the superconsciousness will abundantly repay the most practical of teachers. No display of erudition is made in this volume, yet the reader feels all the time that he is in an atmosphere of intelligible psychology in which the best of each of the schools comes to its own. Mr. Richmond knows his James, his Bergson, and his Macdougall as well as his Freud and his Jung. No less thoroughly does he know his Jones, and I am inclined to believe that he knows that still more elusive personality, his schoolmaster. What makes me a little doubtful about the last is the demands the book makes upon its readers. To get the full value out of the first two parts requires a background of *analysed* experience that not every mature teacher possesses. Still, even those who have not the "lore" that is necessary to get at the kernel of the esoteric third part, will be able to profit greatly by the exposition of the unity of knowledge in the rest of the text. For the book justifies the claim of its author to the sub-title "A Cure for Cross-Purposes."

JOHN ADAMS.

THE HUMAN TOUCH.*

This title would have suited any of "Sapper's" books, for it is the human touch that is the distinguishing quality of all of them. He does not idealise the ugliness or the horrors of modern war, he pictures them with the starkest realism, but does not fail to reveal how the sanity, the kindliness and indomitable courage of the men who have to endure them are yet a soul of goodness in these things evil.

"Sapper."

But in no tale he has told is the touch more human than it is in the first and much the longest of his new collection of stories. Shorty Bill was a tough customer. "tough, perhaps, but human all the while. A man to trust; a man who wouldn't let a woman or a pal down." His odd, quaint humour justified the glint of humour that was in his eyes. The glimpse you get of his queer, pathetic love affair is touched with fleeting lights of elusive pathos. An ordinary sort of working man at home, he has developed into a good soldier and a sniper of particular genius. So blended of all types is our new democratic army that his special pal is John Mayhew, "sometime tutor in the realms of the purest and highest and deadliest mathematics," and now he is not only Shorty's willing pupil, learning from him many out-of-the-way subtleties in the art of war, but his intimate friend, having come to regard him with affection as well as with admiration. The story is of these two, of the relations that grew up between them in spite of the incongruous differences in their temperaments and social training, and of the grim war adventures they shared in common. Shorty has a private and tragic reason behind his passion for killing Germans, and few things in war fiction are more stirring or more moving than the record of his berserker and heroic end.

But there are no heroics anywhere. The heroism of the motley characters in these stories is the unconscious heroism of ordinary men who have become inured to hardship and to danger, and take them as part of the day's work. The humour of the book is the gay, flippant or grotesque humour of the British soldier, the philosophy of it is his shrewd, common-sense philosophy, full of homely

* "The Human Touch." By "Sapper." 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

wisdom and often as entertaining as the stories themselves. Mayhew's musings on the war, on the question of right and the way to arrive at a permanent peace represent the practical, rational thought of the man who is close up against the difficult job that so many sheltered idealists are merely talking about from a distance; and the vision, at the end of "The Education of Bunny Smith," of how the lessons the war has taught us may be applied in the future is the practical fighting-man's contribution to the problem of reconstruction. All which and other philosophy is, however, incidental; it grows naturally out of the stories and is touched with the humour, the emotion, the broad human sympathy that are the life and strength of the stories themselves.

H. H.

TWO LITTLE COUNTRIES.*

The fate of Denmark and of Roumania has been very different in this war—Denmark has had much to compensate her for the trials of neutrality, Roumania has lost nearly everything. And here is a book of recent Roumanian history which leaves one comparatively cheerful and a depressing book by an observer who has been living in Denmark. Not that Mr. Desmond is himself unhappy when he finds that Denmark's battles were fought long ago, that her good-natured army is more than a little bored and that all the country asks for is to be let alone. He seems to be much more concerned with the delectable food and the morals of Denmark than with the soul; we do not understand why a book that in referring to the island of Fyn calls it the sleepy, the fat, the idyllic, and alludes perpetually to its material side and never once to a certain Hans Christian Andersen who lived in its chief town, Odense, in what is now a small second-hand furniture shop—we cannot understand why such a book should be called "The Soul of Denmark." The writer appears to have learned the Danish language, but he passes in silence over such matters as literature, although that wonderful book "Pelle the Conqueror" in four volumes, a kind of Northern "Jean Christophe," has been put into English. But we are depressed not so much at Mr. Desmond's omissions, nor at his way of saying things—on one page he talks of "Johnny" Bull, which is a novelty that some people may like, and, in order not to be too modern, he refers to the tale of the fair-haired Angles, and reminds us that we are a nation which, in inverted commas, goes down to the sea in ships. Rather are we made sad by the Dane's melancholy, which evidently beats under his large waistcoat. Disappointment after disappointment has taught him that the ancient glories of his state will never be revived. And now he would laugh at the aspirations of Slesvig, he would scoff at the black Pullman-car attendant whom the reviewer once met in Mexico and who, proud of his birth in one of Denmark's West Indies (which have now been sold) told every one he was a Dane, though he could only speak a sort of English and a sort of Spanish. However the Danes are one of the small nations that, thanks to the Allies, will in the new Europe, go their way in peace; and after all, we cannot be a world of Vikings. The Roumanians, on the other hand, stand forth in a more heroic light. Mrs. Gordon does not seem to have been there during the war, but her collection of newspaper articles and letters is quite interesting, although she seems to accept everything the Roumanians tell her. The illustrations are good and especially the coloured ethnological map. Her own chapters on the Roumanians are very pleasant and full of information.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

* "The Soul of Denmark." By Shaw Desmond. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"Roumania: Yesterday and To-Day." By Mrs. Will Gordon. 10s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

THREE ANTI-CLIMAX NOVELS AND ONE OTHER.*

I believe I am expressing the opinion of countless novel readers when I say that I do wish authors would keep the war out of stories that have inherently nothing whatever to do with the war. Novels that are based upon the war, that find in the war their best inspiration, and so make it their main motive and theme, are all very well. One has nothing to say against them. One may even read them with profound interest and perhaps profit. Almost inevitably, out of this tumult and chaos of the battlefield, there will come sooner or later a novel fit to take its place beside, or even above, such massive masterpieces as Tolstoy's "War and Peace" or Erckmann-Chatrian's "Conscript." Until then, those who are no more intimately familiar with any aspect of the war other than the obvious aspects which affect us all, would be better advised to leave the war out altogether, or, if that be impossible, to leave it in the background. As it is, we most of us want books that for a while will divert our minds from this horror of great darkness, rent by the thunder of the guns and the lightning of devouring flame which for an eternity, as it were, has brooded over us and robbed us of all joy in life. For writers to seize upon the chances and the casualties of the battlefield as a means of disentangling the knots they have tied in the destinies of their self-created puppets is hardly fair, either to themselves or to their readers.

We would much prefer, for instance, to go to South Africa in Miss Mills Young's always delightful company, and view again that land of new romance through the magic of her vision, than find ourselves involved toward the end of her latest book in the ghastly commonplaces of the present world-conflict. But "Beatrice Ashleigh" has nothing whatever to do with South Africa. This fact came to us at first, not wholly as a disappointment, but as something of a shock—from which, however, we speedily recovered on finding that one of our most popular authors is as easily and gracefully at home in the homely atmosphere of England and in the realms of high comedy, as in the more hectic atmosphere and rather more grim spheres of action she has hitherto explored to such good purpose. That she has advanced in her art is manifest at every turn: in her deft use of words, her character-drawing, her wit and her sure perception of the right perspective of things. She hasn't much of a story to tell. It is in the interplay of well-defined individualities that she intrigues us—until she turns the real hero of her book into a travesty of the man he was meant to be, and similarly disposes of other inconvenient characters through the same evil agency of the war.

And Mr. Eric Leadbitter tumbles headlong into the same pitfall. In his exquisitely wrought study of a genius in music, as child and youth, he gives us the promise of a finer interpretation of the soul of an artist than I have ever read, even in French literature. And then the promise is wrecked, and the whole plan defeated by the unutterably silly and unnecessary death of young Oliver Longways at the Front. But this is only a detail in the structure of the book as a whole: a book that it would be hardly possible to over-praise in its solid strength and subtle insight into human nature. The story is just a plain chronicle of three generations of a Northumberland family, hide-bound by tradition, and with a curious sense of caste that to me is virtually unknown among the small, land-owning middle classes. It is none the less impressive or compelling for that. One feels the truth in every stroke of Mr. Leadbitter's pen. Father, son, and grandson: each utterly unlike the other in their superficial attributes, and yet all of them of the same essential stuff differently moulded, are to me as beings throbbing in every nerve and

* "Beatrice Ashleigh." By F. E. Mills Young. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Perpetual Fires." By Eric Leadbitter. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)—"The Mirror and the Lamp." By W. B. Maxwell. 7s. (Cassell.)—"Glenmornan." By Patrick MacGill. 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

fibre with the essence of life itself. And as with the men so with the women. A book almost perfectly done within its appointed limitations, save for that one fatal blemish at the end.

Of Mr. Maxwell's "Mirror and the Lamp" I had best begin by saying that it proves him to be perhaps our greatest living novelist. His one defect, so far as I can see, is that he is far ahead of his time and generation. I should say that only a chosen few of the elect are qualified to appreciate the fineness and delicacy of this study of a man who is at once fundamentally religious, and at the same time a rationalist. It is as if Mr. Maxwell had lived for years in Edward Churchill's skin, and as from within had shared all his inmost thoughts, doubts, previsions and revisions of conduct. This is the greater part of his thesis. But in its lesser parts, especially in that part which has the East End for its milieu, he is equally great. His handling of his subject is as sure when it touches lightly the Primate in his palace as when it probes sharply into the clouded consciousness of the brute-beast of the slums. The imagery of the mirror and the lamp, elusive as a spring zephyr, belongs more truly to the sublimer realms of poetry. His delineations of Mrs. Churchill and Lilian, the two women most particularly portrayed, moving in such worlds apart as they do, are on the same high plane of Mr. Maxwell's art as the rest of his book. In the space at my disposal I can say no more. And somehow, even as it is, I feel in a way a little presumptuous in having said so much.

Mr. Patrick MacGill's "Glenmornan" is hardly to be described as a novel at all. It is rather a series of closely-studied impressions of a small, remote district of Ireland. A good deal of it reads as if it might have been contributed as first-class journalism to a first-class journal. For the rest, it shows us that Ireland is still the spoilt darling of the world. Like the usual spoilt child she alternately smiles and weeps, rages and wheedles, fights and cozens, is deaf, dumb, and blind to every interest outside her own, and yet all the while lovable for her charm and beauty whilst at the same time hateful for her cruelty and treachery. Mr. MacGill writes good, straightforward, downright English, only here and there marred by slight affectations which he will doubtless grow out of, and in fine has produced a volume of studies and sketches woven into a slight story about the real Ireland and the real Irish, agreeable and disagreeable, but always readable—until he blunders up against the usual tiresome anti-climax of the war.

EDWIN PUGH.

THE CHINESE REPUBLIC.*

"This is a standard work by a man who knows China from within." "The author displays a thorough knowledge of this land of mystery. . . ." "An engrossing book even for the layman"—says the publishers' note inside, whilst outside on the protecting paper cover stands, "A *semi-official* statement of China's case to the world, and a *concise, reliable* and *thoroughly interesting* account of the Chinese Republic," etc., etc. To make it clear that this advertisement is inspired at least by the writer, the Preface, signed by the man who first won distinction under the *nom de plume* of Putnam Weale, leads off with—"This volume tells *everything* that the student or the casual reader needs to know about the Chinese question." The little word "everything" warns foolhardy critics to beware how they presume to doubt any statement in this remarkable volume, or even comment upon the suppression of any fact. We are accustomed now to writers securing some well-known personage to laud and guarantee their knowledge. But this self laudation recalls the old English proverb: "Good wine needs no bush," and the more sadly because of the delight Putnam Weale's first book afforded.

It is hardly possible to imagine anyone reading with delight this very nauseous narrative as far as page 196, where "an electric thrill ran through Peking—Yuan Shih-kai was dead." It seems that the surgeon of the French Legation testified that the man, known so long as the astutest Viceroy in China, died of an illness, otherwise one might be tempted to think Mr. Putnam Weale knew who had caused his death, it so evidently had to occur.

The remaining hundred pages are less repulsive. Liang Shih-yi is still alive and may yet again become a financial power, if not a President. Thus we are not even told that if Yuan Shih-kai bribed, Liang Shih-yi did so tenfold. The author counts it "as an evidence of China's traditional luck, which brought him (Li Yuan-hung) to the helm": a fifty-two year old general, son of a lieutenant-colonel, risen from the ranks, the man in whom all Hupeh puts its trust, whom Hankow, both foreign and Chinese, may be said to have from the first esteemed thoroughly. Not having been among "the fools" who "believed" that parliamentary institutions

Modern Peking.

The Palace entrance lined with troops.

From "The Fight for the Chinese Republic" (Hurst & Blackett).

* "The Fight for the Republic in China." By L. Putnam Weale. £1 1s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

"because they were so distantly related to the real China of the farm-yard would always stand outside the national life," and consequently agreeing with the current of the views and opinions stated in the concluding pages, I cannot help regretting that Mr. Putnam Weale should have found it necessary to spend two-thirds of his volume, not only in recording disgusting scandals, but as he reveals each one adding some words of comment, that suggest the joy-crow of a cock, when he discovers some particularly unsavoury dainty. Surely even Mr. Putnam Weale cannot believe that, when the news reached Peking of the great Province of Szechuan declaring its independence, there is any truth in

"The story still told with bated breath of the terrible manner in which Yuan Shih-kai sated his rage—Szechuan being governed by a man he had hitherto thoroughly trusted—one General Chen Yi. Arming himself with a sword and beside himself with rage, he burst into the room where his favourite concubine was lying with her newly-delivered baby. With a few savage blows he butchered them both, leaving them lying in their gore, thus relieving the apoplectic stroke which threatened to overwhelm him. Nothing better illustrates the real nature of the man who had been so long the selected bailiff of the Powers."

I at least cannot accept this story on his authority, having a warm recollection of the pussy-cat expression the then great Viceroy wore during my solitary interview with him, when he explained to me the difficulties that lay in his way in discouraging foot-binding, viz., that the ladies of his household at that moment all had bound feet—but which difficulties he said he hoped to overcome, and I hope did so. For some little while afterwards he put out a very fine edict against binding. The soft pussy-cat expression did not conceal that there might be claws beneath the velvet paws, nor did it at all convince me that he was a man of such ability or remarkable character as Peking friends proclaimed him. But such a deed of German savagery would seem incredible of a Chinese Viceroy.

Chinese are a highly civilised people. Having lived among them for years, and known men of high integrity and unselfish devotion to the people, it grieves me that a European should give such a picture even of Peking officialdom, always reckoned as the darkest part of the nation. There are scandals in the United States Republic, there have been scandals in most countries, but as Dante wrote: "Guarda! e passa." The faults of this book are the more regrettable, because the official documents embodied, though like most official documents dry reading, may be very useful for purposes of reference. And in the case of Liang Chi-chao, master of the best Chinese style, as well as one time Minister of Justice, his subtle irony and unswerving eye to the right course, make them both very lively also ennobling reading. Purple patches occasionally recall "Manchu and Muscovite," the book by which Putnam Weale leapt into fame—why his very dull novel, which one would think any writer would want forgotten, is mentioned on the title-page, gives one to think. The first purple patch occurs in a certainly much called-for apology:

"Unfortunately a great deal is lost in the official translation . . . for by transferring Eastern thoughts into Western moulds, things that are like nails in the hands of soft, sensitive Oriental beings are made to appear to the steel-clad West as cold-blooded, evolutionary necessities, which may be repellent, but which are never cruel."

Again:

"Almost with a gasp of incredulity China at last realised that Yuan-Shih-kai had been seduced to the point of openly attempting to make himself Emperor. . . . It was as if the old city walls, which had looked down on so much real drama, had determined to lend themselves to the staging of an unreal comedy. For from first to last the monarchy movement had something unreal about it, and might have been the scenario of some vast picture-play."

But is there not a little of anti-climax about the concluding sentences:

"It is to America and to England that China looks to rehabilitate herself and to make her Republic a reality. If they lend her their help, if they are consistent, there is still no reason why this Democracy on the shores of the Yellow Sea should not be reinstated in the proud position it occupied twenty centuries ago, when it furnished the very silks *which clothed the daughters of the Cæsars.*"

Surely China can aspire to something higher now, having for centuries produced the best silks, and who especially are now "the daughters of the Cæsars"?

It becomes evident, however, from the last two chapters why this book was written. Partly to denounce the Japanese and their twenty-one demands upon China—not be it noted fourteen nor twenty-four; but yet more to denounce the Diplomatic Corps, who have evidently refused to be guided by brains more brilliant than their own, where

"The clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world.
* * * * *
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song,
Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong."

Putnam Weale's words are strong; he writes: "The politico-economic relationship between the Republic and the world must be remodelled at the earliest possible opportunity," and it seems that he means more than that the long word "exterritoriality" must be banished.

ALICIA LITTLE.

THE GREAT HUNGER.*

All over the world the revolt is growing. The seed sown by Ruskin and Tolstoy is springing in the most unexpected places, and none can tell what harvest will be gathered. Now from Norway comes this powerful attack against the once popular gospel of getting-on. It is a gospel which appeals strongly to the people of the smaller countries. They feel that there is some connection between size and depth, between experience and wisdom: and it would be shallow to deny that there is. The mistake lies not in thinking that a man who travels, a man of wide experience and great activities, does not have opportunities of getting wiser and better; but in believing that such experience is bound to lead to greater wisdom and greater happiness. The hero of "The Great Hunger" always has a suspicion that the career for which his talents fit him is not going to bring him more happiness than would life in his little village, or his small town: but his faith in the things of the spirit is not strong enough to conquer circumstance, or the pressure of those he loves. Peer Holm is a little like that great namesake of his, Peer Gynt, easily impressed and avid of quick success. He gets his success and returns to Norway from Egypt, returns from the miracle of Assouan to the small mills and small life of his father-in-law, Lorentz Ulthong. But his wife Merle is not contented, and when she learns content, Peer's friends come from the great world and tempt him with stories of large fortunes easily won, accuse him of vegetating, rouse that competitive ambition which is the parent of progress and discontent and unhappiness. And Peer tries again, and fails. His failure drives him nearly crazy, and then he has success—only to learn that an unknown American has been more successful still, the fortune which should have come from his improved mowing machine flows into other hands, and breeds misery in the home that gets as well as in the home that loses it. Mr. Bojer spares us nothing of Peer's misery and misfortune; but he shows us his gradual return to the old belief, that happiness and truth matter more than wealth. Finally, when his daughter is killed by his neighbour's savage dog, Peer learns that only in love, in loving the injurer, can the heart's true hunger be satisfied. The whole of this powerful, sombre story is indeed but an exposition of Augustine's great text.

The story is told without any unnecessary elaboration. Mr. Bojer never distracts us from his main theme and his main characters by superfluous decoration or redundant

* "The Great Hunger." By J. Bojer. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

commentary. He lets his people speak for themselves; and his moral is all the stronger in that he neither evades nor underlines it. In the same way, his handling of his characters is simple and economical; his close, terse method clothes a deeper insight into people than many more ambitious and pretentious styles.

The Great Pagoda, Trichinopoly.

From "The Life of Lord Clive" (Cassell).

A GREAT SOLDIER-STATESMAN.*

In 1836 appeared Sir John Malcolm's "Life of Clive" and this work, some five years later, was reviewed by Lord Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review* in his brilliant essay on the career of the great proconsul. Malcolm could see no faults in Clive; his love for him is characterised by Macaulay as passing the "love of biographers." Although the essayist was "far indeed from sympathising with Malcolm he was at least equally far from concurring in the severe judgment of Mr. Mill (whose 'History of India' was published in 1817–1818), who seems to us to show less discrimination in his account of Clive than in any other part of his valuable work." Clive, he states, committed great faults, "but," he goes on, "every person who takes a fair and enlightened view of his whole career must admit that our island, so fertile in heroes and statesmen, had scarcely ever produced a man more truly great either in arms or in council." And he ends his essay in the following passage. "His name stands high on the roll of conquerors. But it is found in a better list, in the list of those who have done and suffered much for the happiness of mankind. To the warrior history will assign a place in the same rank with Lucullus and Trajan. Nor will she deny to the reformer a share of that veneration with which France cherishes the memory of Turgot, and with which the latest generations of Hindoos will contemplate the statue of Lord William Bentinck." Macaulay is rightly severe on Clive's action in connection with the deception of Omichund in the matter of the two treaties which were made with Meer Jaffier preparatory to the revolution which placed the latter on the throne in supersession of Surajah Dowla. Sir George Forrest's exculpation seems unconvincing. The excuse he offers for the deception is that if Clive had not, in the false treaty, consented to Omichund's terms the plot to depose the Subadhar would have been revealed to the latter by Omichund and that the consequence would have been the murder of Watts, the resident at Surajah Dowla's court. It appears, however, that Surajah did know of the intention of Meer Jaffier to join the English, and that Watts effected his escape. The opinion of Sir Charles Wilson in his charming monograph on Clive in the "English Men of Action" series is that the trick by which Clive deceived Omichund has done infinite harm to his reputation, and most people will agree with that opinion. Several misstatements of Macaulay are corrected in the present work on reliable grounds, and the biography is full of much new material. The author has ransacked every available source of information—the public archives of India and Europe and the vast accumulation of private papers at Walcot, the fine country house which Sir Robert Chambers built for Clive. Sir George Forrest's industry and patience are manifest on every page, but the work, though invaluable to the special student, is not one which will appeal greatly to the general reader. It is at times so confusing and bewildering that more than the "one word" of Stuart Calverley was required to express and relieve one's overwrought feelings. It must be added that the author is clearly not a master of style. The reader who wishes for a clear, general view of Clive's life and work will find pretty much all he requires in the volume already referred to above. Another is to be had on Clive in an interesting series, "Builders of Greater Britain," by Sir A. J. Arbuthnott. In that work will be found—what are not given in any other—the two speeches delivered by Clive in the House of Commons in 1772 and 1773, when his administration of affairs in Bengal was the subject of a parliamentary inquiry. These are a most interesting addition as they are no longer available in a form accessible to the public.

There is in Sir George's two volumes a good sprinkling of errors of facts and dates. We are told that bhang, which is an intoxicant made from Indian hemp, is opium; that Arcot is on the left bank of the river Pálár; that Cassim was the brother-in-law instead of the son-in-law of Meer Jaffier (though on a subsequent page this statement is corrected); that a maund—a standard of weight—is 50 lbs. instead of a little over 80 (this slip, however, is probably a misprint); and, in referring to the Mohammedan festival of the Bukra Eed to celebrate the substitution of the Ram for Isaac, the author states boldly that Abraham intended to sacrifice "Ishmael." And on page 387 of the second volume the omission of an important clause in a sentence makes the passage from Clive's speech illogical and nonsensical: "Such an increase of wealth might have

* "The Life of Lord Clive." By Sir George Forrest, C.I.E. 2 vols. 36s. net. (Cassell.)

added to my peace of mind; because all men of honour and sentiment would have justly condemned me." After "added to" there should have been printed these words: "my weight in this country, but it would not have added to."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

SHOPS AND HOUSES.*

There is something that is almost disquieting about the cleverness of Mr. Frank Swinnerton. One never picks up a new book of his without a feeling of mingled eagerness and trepidation. He knows so many secret and subtle things about the human soul; he can see so far into action and motive; he has such a just and sensitive sense of character that one is kept always hovering on the brink of expectancy, waiting for something that never comes, something big and immensely important, something that will gather up all the details of the design into a single unifying thought. This is a foolish kind of attitude, of course, but it is an attitude which Mr. Swinnerton's cleverness encourages. He is always so palpably a master of his subject that one feels at every moment that there is a possibility of his subject mastering him, in which case wonderful things might happen. But the subject never does. Mr. Swinnerton handles it always with amazing adroitness—he can do what he likes with it, and he keeps it resolutely under, discreetly fanning the various flames of life that he has set aglow, and watching them carefully to prevent the chance of any uncontrollable conflagration.

The very title of Mr. Swinnerton's new book, 'Shops and Houses," awakes in the mind of the reader this curious sense of uneasy expectancy and the opening lines of the first chapter intensify it.

> "Upon the south side of London, about fifteen miles from the City, lies a small town which combines the characteristics of a suburb with those of a country village. It has some factories and, near the railway, many poor little ugly houses. . . ."

There one has it, and one settles down to read the description of Beckwith, and its leading families, the Vechantors, and the Toppetts, and the Hugheses and the rest, marvelling at the extraordinary acuteness of it all. In twenty pages the scene is set. Mr. Swinnerton's design seems obvious; he is going to give us another of his "group pictures," and show us a number of individuals acting and reacting upon each other against their environment. He has done the same kind of thing before, in "The Young Idea" and "On the Staircase" notably, but this time the environment itself is manifestly going to be drawn much more clearly into the scheme. "Shops and Houses" is going to be a sort of modern "Cranford," written quite coldly and precisely, without any sentimentality and with the strictest regard for psychological truth. Such a design, in Mr. Swinnerton's hands, has obvious possibilities. He will bring to it all his sureness of intuition, his almost mathematical clarity of presentation; he will make no concessions to the difficulty of his subject and he will be restrained to the very edge of austerity. When he has finished we shall have a work of art that is clean cut like a jewel, a fragment of life hewn from the quarry and finely shaped by the artist's intention.

So one settles down, and for a time all goes well. This is the familiar Mr. Swinnerton, doing his work in the familiar way—a little aloof and cold, very much preoccupied with what is going on inside his characters' heads, paying attention to every nuance of feeling, every subtle change of mood. He brings on his characters each in their turn, realising them in a few sure strokes. We are shown the leading families of Beckwith—the Vechantors, father and mother and son; Mr. Toppett, the rector, with his mouth drooped at the corners through too much public speaking; Mrs. Toppett, kindly, ineffectual, diffuse; the three little Toppetts, each of whom has something the matter with him—one wears goggles, and one a sort of bridle to restrain projecting teeth, while the third has some undeveloped infirmity for which his parents, in common with all Beckwith, are constantly looking. We are shown the village gossips, Mrs. Callum and Miss Lampe, who has a house near the station and watches all comings and goings through thick lace curtains with a sort of ghoul-like constancy. Then there are the three Hughes girls, Adela and Judith and Veronica, and the first hint of complication comes when we realise that Adela and Vera are both in love with Louis Vechantor. When, a little later, a by-branch of the proud Vechantor family arrives at Beckwith and sets up a grocer's shop, and Louis insists upon visiting them, and displays an interest in their daughter Dorothy, to the scandal of his father and his mother and the unholy joy of Miss Lampe and the jealousy of the Hughes girls, the threads of a very amusing comedy are spun.

And it is just here that the familiar Mr. Swinnerton begins to fail us. For some time one has been conscious that something has gone awry with his method. He views all these people with a kind of sour appreciation, almost as though he, as author, enjoyed their unpleasantness. He even goes out of his way to present them unpleasantly, with all their snobbish pretensions and affectations. Against them in strong contrast he throws the character of Dorothy, the grocer's daughter, in all its sturdy independence and essential sweetness of grain. Inevitably Louis Vechantor falls in love with her, as Mr. Swinnerton—amazing revelation—has done long before, and Dorothy, who has already provoked disapproval by being at once a Vechantor and a tradesman's daughter, now awakens direct hostility and ostracism.

So Mr. Swinnerton enunciates a very interesting problem. Is Louis to marry Dorothy? Is the son of the leading Beckwith family to contract an alliance with a shopkeeper? Is the shopkeeper to go on keeping his shop and selling currants and cocoa to his daughter's mother-in-law? It is a problem which ought to delight our familiar Mr. Swinnerton, but the surprising thing is that he runs away from it. More surprising still, he gets out of his difficulty by a lapse into sentimentality. There are tears and conciliations. We assist at the spectacle of the demoralisation of the self-reliant Dorothy, oppressed by social persecution, and are finally given an incredible picture of her running after Veronica Hughes to ask whether she thinks her wicked for having been rude to Miss Lampe.

The fact of it is that in "Shops and Houses" Mr. Swinnerton's design halted in the middle. He set out to give us a modern "Cranford" from a sour, and if truth be told, rather mean point of view, and he may have felt half-way through that he was doing a thing that was not worth while. Hence his sudden switching off into a rather sentimental love story. In the Epilogue he attempts to draw the scattered threads together by detailing a conversation between the village gossips who tell us what they think of it all. But he does not succeed. He is not clever enough for *that*—nobody could be.

C. S. EVANS.

* "Shops and Houses." By Frank Swinnerton. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

HOMO SAPIENS.*

That we are all a little mad is one of those uncomfortable thoughts which at times bring a real consolation to the mind; for it breeds a healthy indifference which may be the mother of great things. If, however, there be a dividing line between the sane and the insane, it lies surely here: the sane man is incurably interested in his fellows. By what name he calls his interest will vary with his temperament and his religion; he may call it charity, or sympathy, or a sense of humour, or curiosity—but, if he's sane, he will have it and use it. This altruism (not at all to be confused with unselfishness) is the great provoker of art, of philosophy, of games, and of divinity. To it we owe the Homeric poems, the Republic (Plato's and Mr. Mallock's),

* "Trivia." By Logan Pearsall Smith. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Some Suggestions in Ethics." By B. Bosanquet. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)—"Small Talk at Wreyland." By Cecil Torr. 7s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

PELMANISM AND PEACE.

By ARTHUR F. THORN,

Author of "Richard Jefferies and Civilisation," "Social Satires," etc.

The truth that civilisation has been strained almost to breaking point by the war will not be denied by those who are able to recall the cataclysmic events of the past four and a half years. Nothing less than a revolution has taken place in society, but its progress has been too gradual for immediate realisation; the spectacular horrors of modern warfare have largely detracted the public consciousness from the social changes which have come about as a result of world conflict, but when peace comes these things will need to be appreciated in their true perspectives. The future will consist mainly of social problems that will demand the concentrated mental effort of every individual brain. Vital national issues directly affecting the lives of the people will demand serious consideration and successful treatment, not only by a few men of genius, but by the people themselves. There will be a vacuum in the social atmosphere that will draw all mentalities into its vortex, and if those mentalities are insufficiently equipped for the strain which will be put upon them, then the wisest plans of the minority will prove ineffectual.

How few are able to grasp mentally the significance of the present moment, or to visualise the intensely dramatic possibilities of the near future? How few are able to perceive that the war has, in the sense of destruction, set civilisation back a century, and that it will be absolutely necessary to repair the wreckage as soon as possible after peace is declared? The emotional reaction of joy that will inevitably succeed the birth of peace will, for a time, subordinate every other public emotion. One can quite clearly visualise a condition of happy chaos that will laugh in the face of serious thought and be quite unable to appreciate the fact that grave danger still threatens civilisation; that nothing short of collective intelligence and collective thinking will assure a sane future for democracy. The future needs thought as the human body needs food; it needs dynamic ideas and ideals; it needs effectively applied mental science, and it needs human understanding. The failure of the past to secure for the people a general high standard of living and social security which might leave man free to become aware of his higher mental self; this failure has been due to the absence of collective thought—the failure, in fact, of the average undeveloped mind. Let us examine this question closely. Great ideals and schemes for the betterment of mankind have been conceived and expressed by thinkers whose sole motive was the uplifting of their fellow men. They had no axe to grind—men like Ruskin, William Morris, Tolstoy, Emerson, and many others, whose life work was directed towards the elevation of mankind. These great men were not in themselves failures; they expressed their ideas very clearly; it is humanity that has failed, not the men of genius who have pointed a way to emancipation. Why have these mental pioneers been unable to produce a full and satisfactory result? Why has humanity failed to utilise the ideals of its great teachers? There is no excuse for humanity; *humanity has consistently refused to think: it has neglected its mind: failed to realise the importance of ideas, and, in so doing, has allowed the paralysing forces of ignorance to overwhelm it.* False dignity cannot point a flaw in this argument; it is as clear as the sun in mid-heaven.

Thought, rightly directed and intelligently applied to the complex problems of human life, can alone lift the race beyond the devastating effects of mental apathy and intellectual inertia. We have neglected our brains; we have failed to apprehend the infinite power of mind, and we suffer in consequence. Then, it will at once be said, education is also a failure. What has education been doing all these years? What is wrong with our educational system that the average person is not, in the highest sense of the word, educated? The answer is, that educationists have been much too anxious to provide a utilitarian education; an education purposely designed to fit in with conventional ideas of life, and with things as they are. Educationists have not properly appreciated the fact of individual psychology. Conventional education may impart much valuable technical knowledge, and, at the same time, fail to draw out those vital qualities of personal initiative and individual thought which are alone able to develop the pupil's highest potentialities. The result of such education is not a mind alive to the colour and joyous possibilities of life, but a mind encumbered with a certain mechanical arrangement of facts that are, within limits, quite useful, but which are also narrowly restricted, and do not, as a rule, enable the individual to become intimate with the possibilities of his or her own unique personality.

The whole problem of the future, in which it is generally admitted that reconstruction shall be the most important task, is a problem which involves the mental response of the people to the idea of reconstruction in all its phases. People in all classes of society will need to think and analyse for themselves; they will have to discuss national affairs and bring their minds to bear intelligently upon the various aspects of social reconstruction. They will have to be mentally awake not only to their own personal interests, but also to the interests of others. The future will demand a clarified perception of right values and sane ideals; it will need clear, energetic brains and sensitive imaginations—mental qualities which do not develop without systematic exercise and rightly directed interest and concentration. The need for the healthy activity of these mental faculties exists increasingly, and the Pelman System of Mind and Memory Training has evolved side by side with this need. The Pelman System of mental education is nothing more or less than a proved developer of every healthy and progressive activity of the human mind. There would appear to be no other system of Mind and Memory Training more likely to stimulate the latent powers of the undeveloped brain and prepare it for the intense intellectual battles of the future. The Pelman System invariably produces that requisite mental vitality and keen perception that can alone prove successful in a world fighting for existence with ideas. The Pelman System is more scientific and more certain of its ground than any other system which claims to provide an incentive to thought, and a stimulus to imagination. It has psychology for its basis, whereas conventional education regards psychology as a mere branch of mental science, and does not normally include it in the popular curriculum. This oversight has caused the failure of conventional education just as the recognition of the psychological basis of mental life has proved the success of the Pelman System.

Briefly then, the coming of peace will demand collective thinking; it will demand the serious consideration of, and creation of, ideas; it will demand intelligence. Nothing less than efficiently educated brains will be qualified to deal with those supreme national issues which must affect the race generally. Nothing short of national mental education will be of any practical value in the enormous task of social reconstruction. Pelmanism will play a much greater part in the shaping of our national future than many of us imagine. The world cannot become safe for the people and for posterity until each individual unit in society fully realises the possibilities of its own particular mentality and its power over the conditions of life which form its environment. The hopes which mental education holds out for the future are stupendous. There is no limit to the happy possibilities of the future if only humanity will collectively realise the divine potentialities of thought, and awaken to the necessity of creating a condition of human life which shall bless the children of to-morrow and justify the sacrifice and sorrow of to-day.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a Synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the Pelman System, and a form entitling readers of THE BOOKMAN *to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fees, on application to the Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*

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cricket, Mrs. Glass, the Fabian Society and even D.O.R.A. Whether it shows itself in a misanthropy as acute as Timon's, or a peddling inquisitiveness as maddening as Paul Pry's, this altruism is the most persistent trait of normal human nature. Without it a man is either a lunatic or a god; and if the latter, a very undesirable sort of a god. It behoves us as Christians to remember that one of the Pharisaic complaints against our Lord was that he was a gossip.

It is this altruism which binds together the three otherwise very dissimilar books of Mr. Smith, Mr. Bosanquet and Mr. Torr; and the three, as it happens, display their varied interests in humanity in three classic forms. Mr. Pearsall Smith pokes fun at his fellows; Mr. Bosanquet gives them advice, and Mr. Torr chats with them. The natural home of Mr. Pearsall Smith is the pulpit, of Mr. Bosanquet the platform, and of Mr. Torr the inn-parlour.

Mr. Pearsall Smith's wit is of a kind more common in France than in this country; it is the wit of the inverted cleric, of the man who might have been a curate had he had the heart for it. Having instead a head too big for the curate's job, he has to gibe at the luckless creatures who wear their collars the wrong way round, and very prettily he does it. Mr. Smith allows himself a sentimentality which would be impossible to an Irishman or a Frenchman; at times he reads like a faint Cambridge echo of Whitman, as "In the Street."

"These eye-encounters in the street, little touches of love-liking; faces that ask, as they pass: 'Are you my new lover?' Shall I one day—in the Strand or Oxford Street, perhaps—see the unknown Face I dread and look for?"

A good deal of the book reminds one of Mr. George Moore's deliberate interest in other people, and in himself as he affects other people; but Mr. Smith has not that quality of rather charming impudence which endears Mr. Moore. There is something arid, something dimmer, in *Trivia*. It remains, however, in its restrained style, its admirable economy, a remarkable and readable little book.

Mr. Bosanquet is frankly at ease in this book of essays. They are popular discussions of great subjects—Evil, Stupidity, Punishment. Mr. Bosanquet's theory of the State is rather under a cloud at the moment. We are all more inclined to individualism than we were in 1914; and, although the state of Russia may give an impetus against anarchy, the world is not likely to return to that worship of the State which it believes is so largely responsible for the pride of Germany and the horror of the war. In the essay on Punishment Mr. Bosanquet tries to explain the growing repugnance to the very idea of punitive measures. We believe the case is simpler than he thinks. It is not merely the callousness of administration which has shocked the public; it is something deeper. A growing belief has spread, due largely to Tolstoy, and, in English-speaking countries, to Mr. Galsworthy, that no man can be trusted to be a judge, to administer punishment. The Christian counsel of perfection, "Judge not," is growing in influence in most unexpected quarters; and to that growth we owe our revulsion from prisons and penalties. That brings us to Mr. Torr's book. Wreyland is a hamlet in Devonshire: and Mr. Torr's book of gossip gives us the life at Wreyland in his own, his father's, and his grandfather's days. The concrete pleasure and happiness of it, the deep association between man and man, and between man and nature, bring one back to reality and life. There is a richness in country life, whether of peasant or squire, which make the epigram of the pulpit and the philosophy of the school seem thin and foolish. The unconscious wisdom of life radiates through Mr. Torr's pages, and it is a bigger thing and a better than any despair or mockery, than any explanations or excuse. Here is a tale, as Mr. Torr tells it, which contains the germ of all the social philosophies in the world:

"An old man, who lived some way from here, was refusing his consent to a thing that could have been done equally well without his consent, though at much greater cost; and I went over to talk to him about it. He did not know me, and resented my intrusion; but presently he asked: 'Be you a son of Mr. Toor, as were a friend of Mr. ——?' I said I was; and in a moment he was genial, slapped me on the back and said: 'Why, one day they two pretty near drownded I.' He was going along a clam—a bridge formed of a single tree-trunk thrown across a stream—and they gave the trunk a twist when he was half-way over. The recollection of it put him into such good humour that he promised his consent."

And if there be greater wisdom on the question of the war than is contained in the remarks of two old men of Wreyland, I know not where to find it.

"Not long ago one of the oldest inhabitants was talking to me about the war; and this was how it struck him: 'It be a terrible thing, this war; proper terrible it be. I never knowed bacon such a price.' Another one looked at it from another point of view: 'What be the sense of their contending? Why us in Lustleigh don't wage war on they in Bovey, and wherefore should the nations fight?'"

Have you not got there all Norman Angel, and all Tolstoy? And in the second old man's remark is contained the final argument against those young lions of the *Morning Post* who urge that a League of Nations is impossible, because the spirit of patriotism is too strong. No patriotism can be stronger or stiffer than that of the West Country village, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, or Cornwall. That has yielded to police and the law—why not the lesser patriotisms of the European nations?

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

Novel Notes.

BRIDGET. By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mrs. Croker's bright story is a war-tonic and a weather-tonic; just the kind of necessary book to read during these troublous days, when the nerves of all are over-strained. With an excellent and decidedly original plot: admirable and picturesque descriptions of Irish scenery, amusing dialogue, and clever character studies, the interest of the tale never flags. Bridget is the most charming of heroines, Aunt Nicky could not be more delightful than she is, and Chick, the irrepressible, is a joy in the way of juvenile marplots. The selfish criminality of Captain De Burgh—it is little less—is capitally described, and his wife is one of the best-drawn characters in the book, which is saying much. Mrs. Croker is always clever in delineating the cat-woman. Through many amusing pages up to the dramatic end of a brilliant story, the reader will find constant enjoyment. The finish could not be better; it reveals the true dramatic instinct of dropping the curtain at the right moment. Bridget can be heartily recommended to all who wish to be taken out of this weary world as-it-is into the very soothing world as-it-ought-to-be.

THE UPROOTERS. By J. A. T. Lloyd. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

The reader who enjoys psychological problems will find a treat in Mr. Lloyd's latest volume. Packed full of solid fare, crammed with incident, it differs in almost every particular from the ordinary work of fiction. A study of the artistic temperament, of a painter incapable of creating except under the stimulus of his love for the subject of the moment, it is big in the best sense of the word. The author's method is as unique as his material; he minutely dissects the emotions of his figures, displays motives, and describes consequences as exactly and as painstakingly as he builds up character. Care is lavished upon each detail, but the effect is far from heavy. The artist and his infatuations are real, Vera stands out plainly, and the secondary personages are just as lifelike. It is a tangle, a complication, yet one painfully common a few years ago. If the war has done nothing else, it has swept away these idlers, turned them into men and women of a different type, forced them to face realities, broken their playthings, and prevented them from any longer trifling with life. Hardship, sorrow, and the obliteration of old landmarks have had a revivifying influence; they have purified the

atmosphere, tried the lounger and the dilettante in the fires of adversity. It is as though the cleansing force of a deep-sea gale had blown through the hot-houses of the land. The war answers the queries propounded here. It makes a hero of the painter, it brings Vera and her husband together, it saves the sisters from rusting away, it unmasks the smug hypocrisy of the German-American pacifist, and clears everything up with startling alacrity. Mr. Lloyd is to be congratulated upon his craftsmanship. Conscientious to a degree he omits nothing likely to add to the completeness of the picture; the result is a tale of unusual graphicness, one full of human interest.

ORIENTAL ENCOUNTERS. By Marmaduke Pickthall. 6s. net. (Collins.)

We had not read far in this volume before we were agreeably reminded of some of the most delightful episodes in "Eothen." This is high praise, but every later page deepened and confirmed that impression. For here we have many of the most alluring ingredients that go to the making of a good book—excellent writing, keen humour, abundant knowledge. Mr. Pickthall makes no parade of his knowledge, but we feel in every line that he can read his Orientals like an open book and that in the guise of fiction he has made a valuable contribution to ethnology. It is unfortunate that the author was precluded from calling his book by its rightful title, "The New Arabian Nights," for that alone could have given an adequate suggestion of its manner and its scope. Mr. Pickthall in his unconventional travels through Palestine and Syria was attended by a very choice rascal called Rashid, a Turkish soldier whose release from the army was obtained with a little well-spent money. Rashid was an ideal serving man for a picturesque novel and his fidelity equalled his humorous rascality. The other hero of the tour is the dignified dragoman, Sulezman, who is always at hand to point a moral and adorn an allegory. Sulezman combined many of the most admirable qualities of Solomon and Sancho Panza, but as to how far he was wise man and how far rascal we share Mr. Pickthall's doubt. We regret that we cannot offer here a sample of Mr. Pickthall's quality. It is a book to be cherished for re-reading in rainy days to come and the prudent connoisseur will make a point of securing a first edition. Not for many a year has there been such an accession to the literature of travel and adventure.

THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

It might have been thought that the fictional exploiting of the striking similarity of two persons had exhausted all possible situations, but the resourceful author of "The Man Who Lost Himself" has proved that such was not the case, for he has evolved something fresh and extremely diverting out of this not unfamiliar convention. Mr. Jones of Philadelphia had come to London in high hopes of achieving big business in the securing of a certain contract. At the moment of depression consequent upon the failure of his mission he happens, in the Savoy hotel, on a man who is his physical counterpart, and who proves to be the more or less disreputable Lord Rochester. Mr. Jones of Philadelphia is taken out by his new acquaintance, made drunk—and wakes up the next morning in a mansion to find himself Lord Rochester. Christopher Sly could not have been more surprised when he woke to find himself a nobleman. Mr. Jones of Philadelphia, however, was no fuddled tinker, but a clear-headed man who had knocked about the world, and he promptly set about facing his fellows as a reformed Lord Rochester. How he bore himself, and the entertaining consequences of his "translation" must be followed in the story itself, which can be confidently recommended to those in search of amusement.

THE PATHETIC SNOBS. By Dolf Wyllarde. 6s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

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XUM

People." Miss Johns, who, we take it, is intended for the chief place in the reader's heart, is an amiable middle-aged lady of courageous charity. Her mental attitude towards "the County" is naturally deferential, and is a very minor matter compared with the kindness and goodwill displayed to her neighbours. As for the hero, Lieutenant (acting Captain, according to the illustration on the cover) Wise, no suggestion of the pathetic snob touches his healthy and romantic common sense. Miss Primrose Day Garcia follows her star, equally with her lover, without misgivings. The characters, greater or lesser alike, are sketched with understanding and observation, and the comments of the author display shrewdness and sympathy for the people with whom she is concerned. But the style is slipshod at times and this is to be regretted in the work of Dolf Wyllarde.

A LOVE OFFENSIVE. By F. E. Penny. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

In this story, full of romantic incident and love interest, Mrs. Penny once more successfully draws upon her knowledge of Ceylon. Prevented by war from the usual holiday in England, a number of planters have sent their women and children to a bungalow on the edge of the jungle, and it is here that the domestic drama is enacted. Fred Goldenham's wooing of Mrs. Loveden is disturbed by the mysterious appearance of a white man in the jungle who consorts with a party of native snake-charmers. This proves to be Noel Loveden, who had escaped from Germany after undergoing such brutal treatment that on his return to Ceylon he seeks the shelter of the forest in his distraction. A German planter is the chosen agent for carrying on the vendetta against him, but the natives protect Loveden until he is restored to his family. The horrible end of the German spy is a powerful bit of writing, and enables Mrs. Penny to display at its best her talent for scenic description. Gay Goldenham is the delightful heroine of a charming love story, but the most distinctive and arresting chapters in this book are those that describe the Ceylon jungle, and the life of the Sinhalese gipsies and snake-charmers.

SWAYNEFORD. By F. Thicknesse-Woodington. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)

Formerly the mention of a German in fiction indicated a musician, or a scientist: now that criminal nationality suggests a spy. Yet the hero of this tale is not Teutonic, but purely English, and is entangled in Berlin trickery through plausible circumstances. But the character is not convincing; it is inconsistent, for no really clever man—and Swayneford is represented as being superlatively clever—could possibly work as an inner-circle spy without knowing all about "Der Tag." His feeble regrets that he has been "a wheel in the vile machinery that has prepared the way for this war," strike one as singularly futile, and, knowing what he must have known, as unnecessary. The heroine is an equally improbable person; after working for her country, and achieving miracles, she goes all to pieces and ruins her past cleverness out of sheer sentiment. Both Swayneford and Ena Cardonnel begin well and end badly. So does the story, which terminates anyhow and anywhere. The other characters are so excellently drawn—particularly Lady Dearham and the Baron, that one wonders at the feeble handling of the hero and heroine. Mr. Thicknesse-Woodington has put much good work into this story; many of the pages are admirably written—notably those dealing with the flight from Germany—and his dramatic instinct rings true. But the author by transforming his clever people into fools has attempted—and with some success—to remake a silk purse into the proverbial sow's ear.

HERONSHAWE MAIN. By J. S. Fletcher. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

A story of a Yorkshire colliery, with Capital and Labour as the chief protagonists, and a little love and a lot of pride to keep the quarrel human. Matthew Revis, the self-made master of Heronshawe Main Colliery, is proud with reason; for he and his father between them had made Heronshawe, and not a week goes by but he hugs the thought that the town and every man Jack in it owe their existence and well-being to him. He had built them an institute, with a library, a news-room, a gymnasium and a swimming bath. He had even endowed them a church. In return, he expected Labour to be obedient and grateful. He liked to do everything in his own way, and hated Government interference as much as he hated unions. Altogether a shrewdly benevolent despot riding fast—despite his benevolence—for a fall. Master and men alike are sympathetically drawn, and the inevitable clash is portrayed with strength and feeling. The fact that Revis's daughter—a girl possessing her father's obduracy—sides with the men and falls in love with one of them, gives spice to an engrossing story of labour (and love) unrest.

FAIR INEZ. By Douglas Sladen. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Douglas Sladen has given a free rein to his imagination in his most recent novel, "Fair Inez." He carries us forward to the twenty-first century and lands us in Australia at a period of history when it takes no longer than five days to travel by air to that continent from England. The scope for the inventive and deductive mind is a very large one, though it is possible that even greater changes will have manifested themselves than Mr. Sladen predicts. There is a fascinating love theme running through the tale, which turns on the real descent of the unassuming young man who figures as its hero and provides the Empire with its first Colonial King. The Australian setting adds much to the attraction of a novel and absorbing story.

THE THRESHOLD. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. 6s. net. (Jarrolds.)

Here is another "Bambi" to delight us with her rich personality and sparkling humour. But this "Bambi" is named Joan Babcock, and she is a child of the people, having through her own efforts acquired an education and escaped from her heritage of slavery. There is a unique situation on the market, and being a unique person she happens to fill it to perfection, and obtains the control of a large country house and the management of two men of entirely different types. She gets the best out of life and in return gives—herself—her wonderful energy, her inspiration, her love. A thorough democrat, she devises schemes for raising the class into which she was born, and how she is able to perform miracles with practical results and influence every one who comes across her path, Miss Majorie Benton Cooke describes in a story brimming over with vitality and good spirits. Joan's vivid charm and strength of character are a trifle dazzling, and it is not surprising that a girl of such individuality should obtain her ends. The story is as original and daring as we expect the work of this author to be; it is like a fresh breeze blowing new ideas into the brain and dispersing the fogs of social prejudice and apathy which cloud our vision.

GUDRID THE FAIR. By Maurice Hewlett. (Constable.)

Nobody waits for a reviewer's verdict before purchasing a novel by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and, assuredly, they will be laying up a store of pleasant hours who invest in his latest book, "Gudrid the Fair." The story is gleaned from saga history and its scenes laid in the icy North. It is a happy diversion from war novels to read of the fortunes and misfortunes of the beautiful Iceland maiden, of her early love and disappointment, her many later lovers who cannot reach her heart, the fortune-teller who casts a gloom over her young life, her three preordained marriages, and ultimately of the consecrating of herself to a higher life of love and service. Mr. Hewlett has caught the atmosphere of the rugged islands in which his story is set, and the placid, docile spirit of Gudrid moves through the narrative like a haunting melody. The book is one that will appeal to a wide public, and is very sure of the success it deserves.

UP AND DOWN. By E. F. Benson. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

It is a story of two friends, during the period, May, 1914—April, 1917, that is unfolded by Mr. Benson in this book. It is story less of happenings than of thought, despite the fact that its course includes that of the first two and a half years of the great war, and it touches on that borderland of the eerie which the author has explored before with somewhat "creepy" effect. The hearing of footsteps where nothing corporeal can be seen, and intercommunication between the living and the dead are the points of contact with the eerie, and these are connected with the talk in which the two friends indulge when speculating on "the first great cause, least understood." The ghostly footsteps are not heard by Francis, the one of the two friends most given to pondering on the great problems of life and death. He has lived for many years on an island in the Bay of Naples, and is convinced that he has become to all intents and purposes an Italian, but the outbreak of the great war shows the call of race is stronger than he had believed. The second of the pair of friends is narrator of the story, and he gives some very vivid descriptions of life with his chum on the happy isle of Alatri, and also of his own life in London—especially in an intimate presentation of the record of a removal from an old home to a new one. The story is of the slightest, but the book has all the charm which we associate more especially with the work of a discursive essayist.

THE PELICANS. By E. M. Delafield. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The strength of Miss Delafield's book lies in its remarkable characterisation and pungent humour—a humour that touches on cynicism in its merciless representation of the weaknesses of human nature. The interest of "The Pelicans" does not lie in its plot which is of the slenderest, but in its mordant study of the effect of a self-assertive, not entirely agreeable, personality upon other personalities brought under its dominating influence. Bertha Tregaskis is a woman of amazing vitality, cheerful, overbearing, "managing," aggressively generous and self-confident. She sheds her beneficence on the two orphaned daughters of an old friend, and in spite of her many and much bragged-about responsibilities, adopts them and insists upon mothering them. The girls are naturally reserved, and resent being treated as children, and Mrs. Tregaskis, blissfully imagining that she understands the "little darlings" perfectly, blunders over their temperamental sensitiveness and never so much as gets in touch with them. Her own daughter deliberately defies her in the matter of choosing a husband; Frances, the younger of the two adopted girls, also quietly but definitely settles her own future against the wishes of her benefactress, while the elder sister, who has bowed in sullen rebellion to her foster-mother's arrogant will, in the end finds sympathy and happiness and a refuge for her proud, reticent nature. Miss Delafield keeps her readers engrossed in the destinies of the very natural people who figure in her story and amused by their foibles and artificialities. Written in a crisp, vigorous style and almost cruelly realistic in its characterisation, "The Pelicans" stands out among recent novels as something unusual, something singularly "alive," yet in spite of its prevailing wit and humour, it leaves one depressed with a sense of the folly and futility of most of such human lives as the author has pictured for us.

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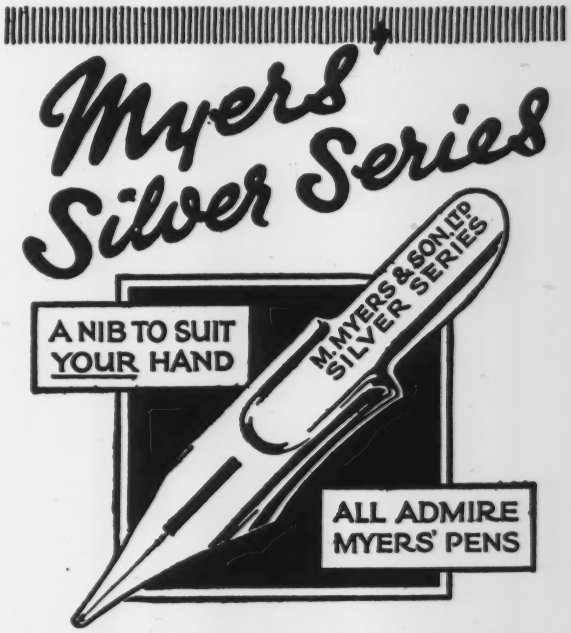

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TWIXT EAGLE AND DOVE. By E. V. Lucas. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

Of the present volume the simplest thing to say is that it repeats the success of its many predecessors. Mr. Lucas's special function is not to discover the unknown, but to reveal the known. His text is not "seek and ye shall find," but "look and you shall see"; and so he takes us with him on his walks and opens our eyes to the little dramas of the streets and the little incidents of the journey. The weightier papers (if weight can be alleged of such excellent levity) include capital biographical sketches of Hans Andersen and John Leech, both subjects made to the Lucasian hand, and one really ingenious essay on "The Day." The heavens, we are informed, blaze forth the death of princes. How do they mark the birth of a prince of evil? The "day" of Mr. Lucas's speculation is January 27th, 1859, when there was born the babe who was, as the All Highest, destined to plunge the civilised world into the profoundest depths. Apparently the heavens were not informed; for the remarkable fact about the day is that there was nothing remarkable about it, except that coal could be had at 14s. 9d. a ton and Consols at 95⅜. The paper is in his happiest vein, and the whole book a brief but delightful entertainment.

LIFE OF ABDUL HAMID. By Sir Edwin Pears. 6s. net. (Constable.)

If the destroyer of a great empire deserves to be ranked among the "Makers of the Nineteenth Century," Abdul Hamid certainly merits that honour. No one is, however, likely to contest the decision of Mr. Basil Williams, the able editor of the useful series, for he entrusted the work to one who certainly knows Turkey of our time, and who has given us a reliable record of an important though inglorious period of Ottoman history. Comparatively few persons can recall that Abdul Hamid ascended the throne in 1876 as the result of a revolution for a constitutional regime in Turkey. Midhat Pasha and his reform party got rid of Abdul Aziz—the reigning Sultan—because he was opposed to every form of reform and was extravagant. Sir Edwin Pears says that the news of his deposition "reached the British public before it reached Downing Street." Murad, the natural successor, was placed on the throne. But he was addicted to alcohol and showed signs of mental aberration; and he was deposed on August 31st, 1876. Midhat Pasha placed Murad's younger brother Abdul Hamid on the throne because he had promised the reform party "that he would grant even greater reforms than they asked for." But no sooner had he become the Sultan of Turkey than it became apparent that "he hated the notion of any change in the form of government." His hand, however, was forced. Two months after his accession a conference of the representatives of the various European Powers met at Constantinople to consider how the Turkish administration could be reformed. Midhat Pasha, clever man that he was, advised the Sultan that if he "would proclaim a Constitution the wind would be taken out of the sails of the Conference." Abdul Hamid followed that advice and on December 23rd, 1876, the Constitution was proclaimed. From that day forward the Sultan never rested until he had taken away from his subjects every right that he had given them. Instead of a constitutional regime he inaugurated an era of unmitigated absolutism, appointing as members "creatures who had proved their subserviency," and robbing his non-Muslim subjects of such privileges as they possessed, even ordering Armenian massacres. The Sultan's oppression drove malcontents into one another's arms. In 1907 a central committee, afterwards known as the "Committee of Union and Progress," was formed at Salonika, and a similar body was organised about the same time in Paris. In spite of an extensive spy system the movement spread, and in the midsummer of 1908 it brought the Sultan to his knees and made him re-grant the Constitution. In the spring of the following year occurred the counter-revolution, instigated, so it is said, by the Sultan. The Young Turks—as members of the Committee of Union and Progress were called—were driven out. But the Sultan's supremacy lasted only a fortnight. Towards the end of April, 1909, the army of liberation under Shevkat Pasha made him a State prisoner, and he died as such. Had Abdul Hamid not obstructed reform, Turkey would have become modernised and a strong Power, instead of losing large portions of her territory and becoming the tool of Germany.

BUZZ, BUZZ! ESSAYS OF THE THEATRE. By Captain James E. Agate. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

It is to be hoped that this volume with its recondite title (see "Hamlet," Act. II., sc. 2) will not be overlooked in the season's rush of publications. The sub-title, "Essays of the Theatre," might well have read "A Book of Joy in the Theatre," for the most noticeable fact about Captain Agate as a dramatic critic was that he went to the theatre not to earn his "lineage," or to exploit his superiority, or to bestow his patronage, but simply to enjoy himself. In particular he was keen upon the acting. With some critics the centre of attraction is in the structure of the play, with others in the matter of the play; with Captain Agate it was in the rendering of the play. He rejoices in the player who is thoroughly well equipped in all points of technique—such a player as Coquelin, for instance, who, with unheroic figure, could yet be heroic, who, with a face of fun, could yet be romantic, and who, with a voice of no intrinsic beauty, could make speech a thing of beauty. That, of course, is not the whole of the critic's interest, but it is a great deal; and in that aspect he has much to teach the modern playgoer. The book is written in a pungent, personal manner of convincing sincerity and it should help the sensible playgoer to reach a sound appreciation of a rare and lovely art.

SPUN-YARN AND SPINDRIFT. By Nora M. Holland. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

A Canadian poetess of considerable skill has written this charming book of poems called, "Spun Yarn and Spindrift," in which there is a wide variety of subject matter; the verses range from moving war poems to lilting Irish lyrics. All of them show sympathy and deep understanding of human nature. There is a lightness of touch, even in the more serious verses, which should go far towards making the book uncommonly popular.

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